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### THE VALLEY OF DREAMS.

BY L. S. W.

A lilied stretch of shadowed water-way,
Cool and remote, unnoticed by the sun,
Where even Echo sleepeth, silent aye,
As if her work were finished, unbegun.

Dream shadows hide within those depths unstirred,
Dream-voices haunt the drowsy silence sweet,
And, like the downward rush of startled bird,
Falleth remembrance of long silenced feet.

The noon day passeth unobserved, and lo!
Unmarked the night descendeth, starry-crowned;
But still the silence broodeth here below
Unbroken ever, yet replete with sound.

# FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

TO NIGHT, excepting a feeble light in one of the upper windows, which is open, there is absolutely not a sign of life about the place.

The black boy has already vanished into the house, presumably to acquaint Mr. Aylmer with the fact of my arrival. As I emerge from the darkness of the drive into the moonlit space before the front door, my own solitary footsteps make a noisy crunching upon the gravel. There is not another sound.

Yes! I hear voices in the room with the open window, which is just above my head. One voice is high pitched, strained, and agitated, the words running on in one incessant stream—a woman's voice unmistakably—and mingling with it now and again is a deeper voice, its accent low and remonstrating.

"I will! I tell you I will!" the woman's voice says piteously, and every syllable is audible in the still balmy air. "I can't bear it any longer; and I can't remember. I never shall remember. Let me see her just for a few minutes—only two minutes! It won't do any harm. Do, Robert! Do! Do! I'll scream in a minute! I tell you I will, and then——"

Then there is a stifled shriek which is checked abruptly. The open window through which I have heard this most mysterious and unpleasant colloquy is hastily closed, and, as I stand below, I feel as uncomfortable as I suppose people who overhear what is not meant for their ears generally do.

The hall door stands wide open, but all is darkness within, excepting where the moonlight streams in upon the black and white marble floor; yet, familiar as I have been with the old house from childhood, I dare not cross the threshold now.

There is some mystery upstairs, apparently—something that needs explaining about these Aylmers; and, as the conviction forces itself upon me, the strong aversion I felt for Philip Marlowe's tenant when first his eyes met mine in the Combe Royal church returns to me with redoubled strength.

It is he then who is to blame for his wife's strange seclusion—who keeps her shut up away from every one, evidently against her own wishes—he or Robert. And who is Robert? A keeper? No! Surely not a man to restrain a woman, even if—oh, horrible thought!—she were mad and violent, even——

My meditations are interrupted by the appearance of some one with a light rapidly descending the staircase at the farther end of the hall, and then, as the figure emerges from the gloom, I recognise Mr. Aylmer with a small oil lamp in his hand.

He comes forward to meet me. The flickering light casts strange shadows upon his white face as he does so, and, to my already excited imagination, his teeth, fully revealed in the smile of greeting that parts his red lips, look more pointed and shark-like than ever.

"Miss Hester! This is almost too good of you! How can I thank you sufficiently for coming here at so late an hour to try to relieve my poor suffering wife?" he exclaims effusively, drawing me, rather against my will, into the house with one hand, and closing the door behind me with the other.

It shuts with a heavy reverberating slam, awakening such strange wild echoes in the silent old place that, in spite of myself, my heart in a moment seems almost in my mouth.

"Please come this way," my host continues, leading me into a long parlor on the right of the hall, a room I know well, for I have been in it many times before; it is one of the principal sitting rooms on the ground floor of the Priory.

It is low and dark; the walls are panelled in blackest oak, the ceiling marked out in squares with narrow but deep oaken beams such as are to be seen sometimes in very old houses.

The light Mr. Aylmer holds high above his head reveals the spindle-legged chairs and tables, the narrow meagre cabinets containing sets of faded old china, the moth-eaten needle work, the shabby chintz curtains that have draped the windows since the days of my earliest recollections.

Nothing has been moved, nothing altered. The very harp which belonged to some female member of the Marlowe family who has been dust and ashes for ages still stands undisturbed in its accustomed corner, with one or two rotten strings clinging to it.

The present tenants are strange people surely to be willing to pass their lives in dreary rooms slowly mouldering to decay, without making even the slightest effort to brighten or restore them!

"Mrs. Aylmer has been worse than ever in health and spirits during the last two or three days. Since Sunday she has not been equal even to coming downstairs, as you may see, Miss Hester," says Mr. Aylmer, noticing my glance of surprise at the thick coating of dust that covers the small ebony table on which he places the lamp.

Two or three days? Why, the thick coating of dirt the lamplight reveals must be the accumulation of months, or weeks at least. The very air of the place has a mildewy vault-like smell, owing no doubt to the rooms having been shut up for so many months.

Apparently my thoughts are expressed plainly in my face, for my companion says—

"Ah, old houses always smell damp at night! The atmosphere familiar to our friends the monks pervades this one rather too powerfully at times"—again displaying those ugly teeth, while with his forefinger, he idly draws lines through the thick dust that covers the table.

"If my poor wife were only able to exert herself, or if she could even endure the sight of ordinary domestics about the house, it would be easy enough to render the Priory habitable; but, as it is, I can only let things take their course for the present—they must just take their course"—with a melancholy shrug of the shoulders and a portentous sigh.

"It is very sad," I remarked rather vaguely. What an incarnation of falsehoods the man must be, if I interpreted aright the words I overheard a few moments ago!

"I came over here this evening with the faint hope that Mrs. Aylmer might be induced to see me;" I suggested after a short pause. "Your note to my father I opened in his absence, Mr. Aylmer; and, as I knew he could not possibly be home till past ten o'clock, I ventured to mix a very simple composing draught, such as he often prescribes for nervous patients, and bring it with me; but perhaps—— I hoped —— Do you think it would be quite impossible to induce Mrs. Aylmer to see me this evening?"—looking my companion suddenly full in the face.

He heaves another prodigious sigh, and turns up his eyes with a look of hopeless helpless resignation, in which somehow I cannot believe so implicitly as I could wish, after the conversation I overheard a little while ago, before entering the house.

Without giving him time to make me any reply, I go on speaking with reckless haste. The more difficulties Mr. Aylmer seems inclined to throw in the way of me interviewing his wife, the more determined I become not to abandon my project if I can help it.

"Because I am very successful with excitable hysterical people—I am indeed, although you may not think it!" I say, coloring furiously from the consciousness of blowing my own trumpet, and as I fancy I discern an indulgent patronising smile beneath Mr. Hastings Aylmer's carefully trained moustache.

"Two or three of my father's patients, girls who were quite unmanageable by him were dreadfully ill, imagining all kinds of things and making every one miserable belonging to them, have become tractable with me, and I have been able to persuade them to do whatever I wish. Do you not think you might tell Mrs. Aylmer that I have come over to-night on purpose to see her, and that I shall be so disappointed if she will not receive me just for a little while? I am only a girl, you see; it is not like having to meet a strange doctor; even of an older woman she might feel nervous, but surely of me——"

"Surely of you? If she thinks as I do, the prospect of your society and of your friendly ministrations must appear only too desirable," murmurs Mr. Aylmer, clasping firmly in both his own hands the hand in which I hold the draught I have brought, and bending until his dark face is so near to mine that I can feel his hot breath upon my cheek and shrink back involuntarily. "Alas, I fear any effort on my part to induce my wife to see you will be totally unavailing!" he continues, apparently unmindful of my hasty gesture. "Still, if you wish it so earnestly, I can ——"

He pauses, interrupted by a noise overhead—a sudden bump, as of the falling of something heavy, a scuffle, the tramp of hurrying feet.

The room above is the one in which I heard voices while waiting at the hall door. There is a sudden change in my companion's face; it has been pale, it becomes almost livid.

"Excuse me! Mrs. Aylmer must be worse: I must leave you for a few minutes," he says, hurrying out of the room and closing the door softly behind him.

Left alone, I am undecided as to whether to make my escape at once or boldly see the matter through. Prudence says pretty plainly, "Go! The sooner the better;" but curiosity and a haunting idea that the poor creature upstairs is being hardly dealt with keeps me still hesitating in the gloomy room.

After all, having sought the adventure, it would be nothing less than cowardly to run away from it, I think; and then it is possible that I may yet be of use. If Mrs. Aylmer has become suddenly worse and a nurse is wanted, I can take a message, or even remain with the invalid while Mr. Aylmer hurries over to Little Oxlip in search of help.

I decide in favor of remaining where I am, at all events for a little while longer. It is not very late—only a quarter past nine, I find on looking at my watch by the feeble light of the lamp on the dusty table near me. My father will not be home for another hour at least; and he will not complain of my absence, I know, when he hears what I have been doing.

Thus consoling myself, I sit motionless, with a fast-beating heart, until suddenly the door of the room opens noiselessly a few inches and the face of the black boy appears in the aperture.

"Massa say come—come quick!" he whispers, and then turns from the door, beckoning to me to follow him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old house is quite dark save for the moonlight that comes in through the staircase window, casting strange shadows on the great picture, a copy of Rubens' celebrated "Descent from the Cross," that hangs on the landing half way up.

All's footsteps are almost as light and noiseless as those of a cat, and I follow him on tip-toe, yet each stair gives out a loud and dismal creak of warning as we tread upon it, and I am thankful when we reach the top.

Running from each side of the landing is a long passage or corridor with rooms on both sides. In one of these divisions, as is the case nearly all over the house, darkness prevails; apparently the Aylmers are strict economists in the matter of artificial light—are determined to waste as little as possible. In the other division a small cheap lamp, exactly like the one Mr. Aylmer brought downstairs with him, burns on a bracket fixed on the white-washed wall.

My guide hurries on in front, leaving me to follow. At the end of the corridor he pauses, looks back to assure himself that I am close at hand, and then knocks lightly at a door on his left.

The handle is turned at once from within, and Mr. Aylmer appears on the threshold. It strikes me that his face has changed in some indefinable way since he left me a few minutes ago.

He comes forward with the same specious smile; he is profuse, not to say abject, in his apologies for troubling me to walk upstairs, in his thanks for my interest in his poor wife, and above all in his professions of delight and astonishment that he has persuaded her at last to see me, if only for a few minutes; but, as he throws open the door of Mrs. Aylmer's room for me to enter, I can detect beneath his polite manner an extreme anxiety—a hidden dread—that somehow renders him quite a different man from what he was, and seems partly to dispel my fear of him.

"Constance, my love, this is our sweet young friend. I have so often spoken to you of Miss Hester Gay that she is no stranger to you by reputation at any rate. You will bid your visitor welcome, will you not, if only to please me, darling?"

Thus adjured, the lady favors me with a cool mechanical bending of the head, which I acknowledge with as much politeness as I am able to command.

I must own to being considerably startled. Mrs. Aylmer occupies an old-fash-

toned chintz-covered sofa drawn out nearly into the centre of the room. Two candles with green shades, burning on the mantelpiece behind her, furnish all the light there is in the apartment.

The room itself is familiar enough to me. I have been in it scores of times, and could easily describe its queer cumbersome furniture—its ponderous mahogany wardrobe and bureau, black from age, its carved four-poster and high brass fender, with fire-irons almost too massive and heavy to lift; but the figure—the strange figure—that occupies the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa fills me with awe.

Mrs. Aylmer is apparently a tall woman. I say apparently, for her curious attitude, half sitting, half crouching in the corner of the sofa, renders it impossible to judge accurately as to her height.

She wears a loosely-fitting dressing-gown, not over-clean, of some shawl-like pattern and texture, which envelops her figure entirely; but what takes me most by surprise in her appearance is that her head and face are closely veiled, quite hidden, in fact, by folds of thick yellowish lace, such as sometimes adorns the vestments of Romish priests, and is stretched across the front of the altar in a Roman Catholic church. This lace effectually conceals from view even the outlines of her features.

"We find it best to humor her in every possible way, you see,," murmurs Mr. Aylmer, in a low tone, a whisper in fact, placing his lips close to my ear in order that I may catch the words. "Latterly, she has had a fancy that every breath of air produces the agonizing neuralgia to which she is subject, and has insisted on——"

He stops abruptly, for the woman on the sofa has made a sudden impatient gesture, and extricating a long dreadfully shrunken hand from the folds of drapery that cover the upper part of her body, she stretches out the hand in my direction.

"You said you came to try to do me good! What are you waiting for? Oh, why don't you begin? Why don't you?" she wails in the same high-spirited unnatural tone that I heard before entering the house.

After all, then, the mystery surrounding Mrs. Aylmer is easily solved, I think. Her mind is unhinged, of course, and her seclusion from all society is compulsory; naturally Mr. Aylmer is anxious to conceal her demented state as much as possible for fear the law should step in and insist on her removal to an asylum.

"Go away if you can't help me! Go away! Go away!" cries the poor woman childishly.

Her husband steps quickly forward now and lays a firm hand upon her shoulder.

"Constance, my love, you forget yourself," he begins, in a reproachful tone.

She shakes off the hand impatiently however.

"I don't care! She can't help me—no one can; and I shall never remember—I told you so—no, I didn't mean to say that—I didn't. I promised you I wouldn't—didn't I? But I forgot—I forget everything—ev-e-ry thing."

The last words are almost a moan, and she commences to rock herself slowly backwards and forwards, as though in great mental or bodily pain.

Mr. Aylmer casts a quick glance at me. It is plain that he is highly anxious that I should leave the room as soon as possible; and it requires some courage on my part to affect complete ignorance of his meaning as he makes a hasty motion with his head towards the door by which I lately entered, and to remain in the room where my presence is too plainly unwelcome; but something—I can hardly tell what—seems to urge me to make a further effort before I go, and, without allowing myself time for reflection, I walk boldly up to the sofa and take the long, lean, yellow-skinned hand in one of my own.

The firm clasp seems to produce an effect, for the rocking movement ceases instantly, and the hand is not withdrawn from mine. Encouraged by this small amount of success, I make a further attempt.

I am very nervous over the task, for I am conscious that the eyes of the master of the house are fixed upon me in a way that I am sure is anything but friendly, although there is still a faint smile on his lips; yet I venture with my disengaged hand to draw a light cane chair close to the sofa upon which the invalid is lying, and seat myself beside her, as though I were paying an ordinary visit.

"It is kind of you to let me stay a little while. I have always wished so much to come and see you! But I cannot talk to you well through this thick veil. Do you think you would catch cold in this warm room if you were to raise it?"

I make this request while inwardly trembling. Heaven only knows what disfigurement I may be about to look upon! If Mrs. Aylmer should turn out to be a pig-faced lady, or to have a face equally horrifying, I shall have only myself to thank for the shock; but I have gone too far now to retreat, and, with hands that I manage, for a great effort, to keep steady, I help the invalid in her feeble endeavor to put aside the heavy lace veil that conceals her face from view, and, raising it, throw it gently back over her head.

Greatly to my surprise, nothing repulsive or even abnormal meets my timid gaze. Mrs. Aylmer is a woman hardly past middle life, although her straggling hair, which hangs in wild unkempt locks about her face, is white as newly-fallen snow.

In her youth she must have been fair, for her eyes, unnaturally large now from the attenuation of her other features, are of the palest faintest shade of blue.

The skin is yellow and shrivelled like parchment, the nose pointed and so thin that the bones almost seem as if they would break through their covering.

The mouth and chin are the worst features, the lips working incessantly, and the chin receding so as almost to disappear in the flabby skin of the lean throat.

Still there is nothing revolting about the poor creature's appearance; indeed her childish wandering glances, her evidently forlorn condition, appeal strongly to my compassion, and create quite a longing in my heart to try to relieve her sufferings.

"Constance, my love, you should rouse yourself and try to talk to Miss Gay, now that she has come to see you!" says her husband, bending over the invalid and laying one hand upon her shoulder.

Nothing could be more gentle, even persuasive, than the tone in which he speaks, nothing lighter apparently than his touch; yet it seems to me, watching her closely, that she shrinks from him, that her colorless face and lips become even more cadaverous at his affectionate solicitude.

"I am very sorry; I know I am poor company. Miss—Miss——"

"Gay," whispers Mr. Aylmer.

"Miss Gay will perhaps excuse it; I am such an invalid now, and I can't remember," she goes on.

"Have you a good memory, my dear?" she asks suddenly, fixing her wavering blue eyes on me with a look of anxious entreaty.

"Of course she has; and so have you!" the new tenant of the Priory breaks in rather officiously before I have time to answer; and at the same time he casts a warning glance at me.

"My wife worries herself and me too sometimes into an actual nervous fever over her fancied loss of memory, Miss Hester. In reality her mental powers are as strong as ever they were; but her perpetual dread of their failing is one of the most distressing features of her illness, and is in itself enough to bring about the climax she fears. The best of us are liable to forget things sometime, are we not, and——"

"Ah—but not things like that!" the invalid interposes fretfully. She draws away her hand from me with sudden violence, and begins to sway herself backwards and forwards once again.

"Not a thing that you have known, and thought of, and dreamt of, and waited for, only that it should fade—fade away—like this—always—always fade away!" As she finishes speaking, she covers her face with her thin hands, and begins to sob in a helpless fashion.

I glanced with anxiety at Mr. Aylmer.

"What is it? Is there anything particular she wants to remember?" I ask in a whisper.

He shakes his head, gives a deprecating shrug of the shoulders, and smiles pityingly at the swaying figure. Evidently he is well accustomed to the sight of his wife's distress.

"My dear, you must try to calm yourself! You know I told you the presence of any stranger would be too much for you. Shall Miss Gay say 'Good-bye' to you now? Perhaps she might come and see you again another day, when you feel stronger. Will you say 'Good-bye' to Miss Gay now, Constance?"

Once more there is the apparently light pressure of his hand upon his wife's shoulder, followed by the curious thrill, vibration—call it what one will—of her body, at his touch. Yet his whispering tone seems to produce obedience.

"Yes—good-bye—good-bye, Miss—Miss Gay. Perhaps—some day when I am—stronger——" she murmurs indistinctly, at the same time muffling her head and face again in the folds of yellow lace, and sinking back into her former position in the corner of the sofa, as though exhausted by our brief interview.

I rise immediately from my seat, feeling, I must confess, rather discomfited. My visit has apparently been attended by no benefit to the invalid; and I have the additional mortification of perceiving that I have in a measure forced my presence upon people who did not want me.

To increase my annoyance, Mr. Aylmer, following close upon my heels as I steal softly out of the invalid's room, stops my progress in the passage by standing directly in my way so that I cannot pass him.

"You will be merciful to our family skeleton now that you have discovered it—will you not, Miss Hester?" he says softly, bending over me so that the ends of his carefully-waxed moustache all but brush the curls on my forehead.

"My poor wife is harmless enough, as you can see; but still she is undoubtedly a monomaniac on certain points, and I am deeply anxious to see what home-nursing and unremitting attention on my part will do for her before resorting to harsher measures. I know I can rely on your keeping my secret."

I am sure that my companion's face again has on it the ugly smile I detest so much, but I cannot see it, for the passage is almost dark, and, as I push past him and hasten down the creaking stairs as quickly as I can, I murmur rather lamely that I will not abuse his confidence, but preserve the most inviolate secrecy as to the real cause of Mrs. Aylmer's seclusion.

The idea of sharing a secret or anything else with Mr. Hastings Aylmer is more than obnoxious to me.

Somehow I have an uneasy feeling that he will make capital out of it to suit his own ends, and my desire now is to reach home if possible before my father's return, and, above everything, to frustrate any attempt on my host's part to accompany me.

But this I find to my cost is impossible. Hatless, Mr. Aylmer saunters out into the moonlight and down the dark avenue by my side, as though I belonged to him and it were the most natural thing in the world for us to be walking together.

The drive was dark—horribly dark; and, just because I am so desperately anxious to be independent and walk along straight, I must needs run up against the branch of a tree, nearly knocking my hat off and my eyes out, and giving my companion an opportunity of drawing my hand within his arm, on pretence of guiding me, at which I am furious, but which I think it seems better to ignore than resent, actively at least.

The climax is reached at the Priory gates. Once beyond the shadow of the trees and out in the high road, which is now as light as day with the radiance of the moon, I am not to be trifled with any longer. I shake myself free of Mr. Aylmer's officious support, and dismiss him with a cool little nod.

"Thank you! Don't come any farther, please. I should prefer to run home alone," I say in the tone that I should assume in speaking to a strange servant.

He does not answer, but throws a strong arm suddenly around my waist, bends until his hateful face is close to mine, holding me so tightly that I can scarcely breathe, much less call out.

"Not yet—surely not yet!" he whispers excitedly in my horrified ears.

He puts his lips still nearer. He—— No! Thank Heaven he has not time to kiss me! I almost wish he had, that I might have struck him for it, and Philip would have seen me!

He, Mr. Marlowe, walks straight up to us, just as Mr. Aylmer releases me at the sound of footsteps in the quiet road. Goodness knows where he comes from, or whether he has seen.

Oh, it is too much! I am actually speechless from rage and mortification. I would give worlds to be able to break out into a torrent of wrath, to denounce the horrible man as he deserves to be denounced; but shame and terror—the dread of what may happen next—tie my tongue.

For Philip looks dangerous. He stands there in the moonlight, listening in silence to Mr. Aylmer's voluble account of my visit to the Priory and of the circumstances that have detained me so late, with a set stern look on his face, and swinging the stout ash stick he always carries round and round in a curiously suggestive manner.

When at last his tenant pauses to take breath, Mr. Marlowe turns to me, ignoring my companion entirely.

"You had better let me see you home. Your father has sent a note for you by the last train; and your brothers and sisters are wondering at your absence," he says briefly, placing himself at my side.

Nothing could be more coolly insolent than his manner to Mr. Aylmer; but the wretch brasses it out to the last.

"Ta-ta, Miss Hester. With so efficient an escort I should feel myself de trop. You can, I am sure, dispense with my poor services!" he says, with an ugly grin that reveals his ugly teeth. "I shall have no anxiety about my fair Samaritan now she is in Mr. Marlowe's care! Au revoir!"

With this theatrical bow, he snatches from his head the red velvet cap which he has only just donned, and, turning upon his heel, disappears within the Priory gates, shutting them with a loud slam.

I have got rid of him at last! I am free to walk home quietly with Philip. There will be time as we cross the two dew-drenched fields that separate us from Combe Royal to tell him what led to my unlucky visit to the Priory. I can explain——

Alas, we tramp along, one after the other, for the narrow path will not allow two to walk abreast, in solemn silence! Philip will not speak. I cannot.

It would never do to burst into tears immediately I open my mouth, and that is what I am in imminent danger of doing. Well, if he chooses to be hard and horrible, I can be so too! I am not going to explain and apologise and eat humble pie to please him.

By the time we reach home my penitent feelings have all given place to a perfect white heat of rage at Mr. Marlowe's unjust behavior.

I hate sulky suspicious people who harbor all sorts of wicked thoughts about one, and condemn one for everything unheard. Besides, I am not a child, accountable to Philip Marlowe or any one else, except my father, for my actions.

As he bids me "Good night" on my own doorstep, my face is white and haughty as his own.

"I won't ask you in. It's too late," I say carelessly.

But, to my unutterable dismay, he merely raises his felt hat—he will not even speak to me—and walks silently away.

* * * * * *

I do not think I have ever felt so miserable in all my life as I do for the first few days after my adventure at the Priory. To begin with, the fine weather has departed for the present, and we have nothing but rain from morning till night.

The landscape is blurred; the trees, shrubs, and hedges drip with moisture; the roses are scattered by wind and wet, and the leaden sky would be more appropriate to January than June.

My father goes his rounds in a mackintosh and leggings; the boys come home from school like drowned rats; Ruth and Rosie yawn over their lessons and quarrel about their dolls owing solely to the lack of something else to do.

Two or three times since my memorable visit to his wife, Mr. Hastings Aylmer has ventured to call at our house, but I have always contrived to be out of the way on these occasions.

If my mother had been alive of course I could have told her how insultingly the man had treated me, but somehow I could not bring myself to speak of the affair to my father. Men are so different from women. He might have thought I had brought the annoyance upon myself, or even have pooh-poohed the whole business as mere fancy on my part.

Philip, angry as he was with me, would not, I felt sure, speak of what he had seen; so I contented myself with giving my father a very meagre account of my interview with the mysterious invalid at the Priory, saying that she seemed neither better nor worse than the generality of nervous hysterical patients, and, as, in consequence of having been detained in the country all night, he was overpressed with work when he came back the next day, he paid very little heed to my communication, and dismissed it with a hasty—

"Yes, yes, my dear! Quite right! I'm glad you contrived to see the poor soul, if only for a few minutes."

Meanwhile Mr. Philip Marlowe rides his high horse and sends us all to Coventry. He rarely, if ever, sets foot inside our house now; and the boys complain bitterly of his defection, the "Tiger" even going the length of hinting that he has fallen a victim to the charms of our new infant-school mistress, whose cottage adjoins his own, and whose apple cheeks bloom

beneath a startling bonnet composed of white lace and pink roses every Sunday when she marshals the children into church.

"You'll have to look sharp, Madam Hester, or Matilda Griggs will put your nose out of joint!" remarks the irrepressible "Tiger," with an impudent leer at me across the luncheon-table.

"'There was a young person called Griggs,
Who was up to all manner of rigs,
Though she only kept school,
Poor Phil she did fool—
Oh, that artful young person called Griggs!'"

By all means, if he can console himself with a grigg, let him! Why should I care? Philip Marlowe is nothing to me. A year or two ago I hardly knew his name. If the force of circumstances has thrown him a good deal amongst us of late; those circumstances are open to change, like everything else in this dull, stupid, contrary old world.

Probably Mr. Marlowe will drift by degrees out of our lives altogether. As it is, he raises his hat to me when I happen to meet him, as he would to the merest stranger; he seems willing, even anxious, to accept the position in which an unfortunate accident has placed him rather than seek an explanation that might improve it. He——

"No, Rosie dear, never mind. A fly flew into my eye and made it water for a minute, that's all. I am sure the mark will never show upon your pretty pink nasn when it is dry."

* * * * * *

It is breakfast time and a splendid day. Brilliant sunshine, white butterflies, singing birds outside—merry voices and ringing laughter within. I am as gay and giddy as the rest.

At eighteen and a half one forgets to be miserable sometimes, even if one has lost a lover. After all, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it! And then I am young—young—young! I have all my life before me. I am not like poor Miss Amanda Grey, the Rector's sister, whose birthdays seem to go backwards, and who is forced to play at being a girl, though it is a sorry make-believe that deceives no one but herself.

"Philip Marlowe and Mr. Aylmer both went up to town this morning by the eight o'clock express," announces Tom, cutting ham at the sideboard for the general benefit.

"I saw them on the platform when I went to ask at the cloak-room for your London parcel, father. I wonder what has come over Philip of late. I believe he's really going off his chump! He was as sulky as any bear to-day; and I don't think he and Aylmer are on speaking terms.

"Who are not on speaking terms Marlowe and Hastings Aylmer? Nonsense!" says father, looking up over his spectacles from yesterday evening's newspaper, which he came home too late last night to read.

"You children expect people to be always chattering to each other like a party of jackdaws. Hastings Aylmer and Philip Marlowe are friendly enough. What on earth should cause any coolness between them, I should like to know?"

"I can't tell," replies Tom, taking his seat at the breakfast-table. "Anyhow, they were standing one at each end of the platform, without a soul between them, and taking no more notice of one another than if they had been ignorant of each other's existence. Oh, yes, I forgot! Philip did say to me the other day that he wished he had never let the old Priory to the Aylmers, and that he meant to turn them out of it as soon as he had a fair opportunity."

"Then he's a fool for his pains, and if he consults me I shall tell him so!" exclaims father, buttering his toast energetically. "The man's mad! He must be! Where else will he find any one to give him a hundred a year for that ramshackle old house, pray? Living down here as he does, he can put the money clear away without touching a penny of it. He'll want it some day, and a lot more too, if old Marlowe's hoard never turns up. A man can't marry on nothing."

"No, and Philip loves his love with a G because she is gracious," the "Tiger" bursts in at this juncture.

"'He hates her when she is grumping;
He'll take her to the sign of the Guinea-pig,
And feed her on guinea-fowls and——'"

"No, that he won't then, for Philip is never going to get married at all!" exclaims Rosie exultantly. "He means to be an old bachelor, he says, and I am always to make tea for him; only first he is going abroad for a long, long time, till I am quite grown up like Hessie. I know that is true," she goes on, speaking rapidly, "because he asked me the other day if I would promise to have his cat to take care of for him while he was away, and he said——"

"Well, boys and girls, I must be off," says father, rising abruptly, to my extreme thankfulness, in the midst of Rosie's reminiscences. "Hessie, my dear, I want to talk to you for five minutes before I go. Why, bless me, child, how white you are!"—taking my face, which I have half turned from him, in his hand, and turning it to his own. "Nothing the matter, eh? Ah, well, girls will look pale sometimes, I know! You must drink a glass of port or so now and then. Just come and run through this list, will you?"

Dear old father! He is too much absorbed in his own pressing occupation to inquire very closely into the cause of my sudden pallor; and I am very thankful for it.

Not for worlds would I have his suspect that it is of any moment to me if Mr. Philip Marlowe chooses to put the width of the globe between myself and him. Yet my light-heartedness is all gone in a moment, quenched utterly by the "Tiger's" and Rosie's careless words.

Time was when I should have been the first to hear of any new plan or project of Philip's, instead of being left, as now, to pick up what information I can about him from the children's talk.

Rosie's statement that he means to leave Combe Royal before long confirms a secret dread that has haunted me ever since the coolness between us began.

It is so very easy for a man, particularly a man with no ties, to strike his tent and betake himself far from any spot that has become distasteful to him.

With fresh surroundings, fresh interests, and fresh companions, he has at any rate some chance of being able to forget a disenchantment, to abandon a useless hope, to cease from nourishing an impressible fancy.

It is only women—poor things!—who have to go on as though nothing had happened, when the ground, so to speak, has been cut from under their feet—only women who have to hide every feeling, and even to hold their tongues, when to utter a word would probably clear up the misunderstanding that is making them so miserable.

These doleful thoughts and plenty more like them come crowding into my mind all day, in spite of my varied and ceaseless occupations. My hands happen just now to be quite full, for my little sister's governess, Miss Abbott, is ill and absent, and I have to supply her place myself as well as I am able to do; the cook has sprained her thumb, and counts upon me to make the pastry for late dinner; father wants a couple of dozen pages of manuscript copied for him—a terrible task, for his writing is nearly undecipherable; and Gerald and the "Tiger" have each a new set of shirts and collars that require marking.

What with one thing and another, I am tired out by the time I have walked a mile beyond Combe Royal with some beef-tea for a poor woman belonging to a gipsy's van, whom father is attending for fever and ague, and I am very thankful to take a short cut home through the Priory woods, where I can sit down and rest for a little without fear of interruption.

It is just four o'clock as I seat myself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and, taking off my big hat, rest my weary head thankfully on a mossy bank behind me.

Wild horses would not have dragged me near Mr. Hastings Aylmer's abode had I not possessed indubitable knowledge of the fact that he is away from home.

Since the terrible evening when I parted from him at the Priory gates, the very name of Philip Marlowe's old house has been like a nightmare to me, never to be mentioned or even thought of without a shudder; in fact, even as I linger now in the green and peaceful shadow, with the warm sunshine gilding the leaves above my head and the busy hum of woodland insects ringing in my ears, I find myself listening intently lest any other sound should break the silence, or any person steal upon me unawares.

Apparently, however, except for winged and feathered creatures, I have the woods to myself this summer afternoon. I can lie back secure from intrusion and reflect sadly on Philip's changed and cold demeanor, and speculate as to the probable reasons that have taken him up to town. They must be weighty ones, for I find he has asked the Rector for a week's leave of absence from his post of schoolmaster, and a substitute has had to be engaged to fill his place.

Perhaps he has gone to make final arrangements for leaving Combe Royal; perhaps—oh, horrible thought!—he never means to come back at all. This last idea is so startling that I sit bolt-upright, horror-stricken at the mere possibility of it.

As I do so, something stirring among the trees at a little distance from me catches my eye. The object, whatever it is, is gray in color. It moves in an uncertain wavering manner—now it is visible, now lost among the intervening trunks and branches of the trees—but it is plainly coming nearer and nearer to me.

I can hear a continuous rustle of the dried leaves, the snapping of fallen twigs beneath the heavy tread. Finally a gap in the tangle of the blackberry bushes and tall ferns reveals the identity of the intruder plainly enough. The tall gaunt figure of Mrs. Hastings Aylmer stands within a yard of me, enveloped from head to foot in a long gray cloak, the hood of which is drawn forward so as nearly to conceal her face.

My first impulse on recognising her is to turn and fly, but this intention she frustrates at once. She knows me, and, hurrying forward, she seizes both my unwilling hands in hers, and, before I can prevent her, is actually grovelling on her knees at my feet, poor creature, clutching wildly at the hem of my pink cotton frock!

"Oh, I have found you at last—at last!" she cries, in the piteous tones I remember so well. "Robert said you had gone away and would never come back, but I knew better! You will help me, I know, now you are here—won't you? When you looked at me so kindly the other night I felt that if you stayed with me and held my hand I should remember! I nearly did then, only Robert would send you away!"

Her agitation is so distressing, her attitude so forlorn, that I have no heart to break away from the unfortunate woman. Although it is but a fortnight since I first saw her, she strikes me as being terribly changed; her eyes are wilder, her features more drawn, her face is shrunken to a dreadful extent.

Putting my hand upon her shoulder, I do my best to soothe her. I persuade her to sit down upon the fallen tree, and then seat myself by her side.

"Tell me what it is you want to remember so much—perhaps I could help you. And who is Robert? Is he unkind to you?" I ask gently, as one would speak to a child.

She looks round her with a scared expression, then stoops forward and puts her dry lips close to my ear.

"Why, Robert is my husband!" she whispers hoarsely. "Oh, yes! You don't believe me, but he is! You call him by another name down here—he has many names—but he is just Robert for all that. It is for him I want to remember so much. He thinks I can, but I can't. Look here!" She suddenly pushes up her frayed sleeve, revealing a dark bruise upon her thin wrist. "He does that sometimes to make me think—that—and—and—other things"—with a slight shudder.

"Then he must be a wretch—a monster!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Why do you stay with him? Come home with me! Now—at once! My father is a doctor, and would know how to make you better. He would not let Mr. Aylmer hurt you so cruelly."

I rise impulsively and try to draw her along with me, but she refuses to come.

"No, no—oh, I daren't! Don't ask me!" she cries frantically. "All I want is to remember; and then Robert will be kind. He would kill me if he thought I had seen any one. He would not let me send for you, although I told him I should remember if you came. He said it would not be safe, because you would tell—— But you wouldn't—would you?"—with an imploring gesture. "You have such a good, beautiful face, my dear! You would not be so cruel as to get me into trouble, I am sure."

"Indeed, I would do nothing that could hurt you for the world," I say earnestly. It must be a hard heart indeed that could add a straw to poor Mrs. Aylmer's burthen! "Stay here now with me for half an hour if you like. It is very quiet, and I have not time to go back to the house with you."

In sober truth, I felt I could never again cross the Priory threshold. "Let me make my jacket into a pillow for you to lean back upon." I slip off my light coat while I am speaking, and roll it up to support the woman's shoulders against the grassy bank. "Now give me your hand, and try to rest, without thinking about anything. I will take care of you if you should happen to drop asleep."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Bric-a-Brac.

FATHER OF CATS.—The so-called "father of cats" in one of the most important personages in a Mohammedan caravan. This cat-shiek carries on his camel about a dozen baskets filled with the ugliest specimens of the feline race.

THE CHESTNUT.—It is only when approaching forty years that the chestnut-tree commences to be commercially profitable; and even then only one year in three yield a good crop—that is, from one to one and a quarter hundredweight.

EATING.—English people when eating sit around tables of some size; but the Japanese are served at small tables placed near the wall, which afford hospitality to but one person. English servants hand the dishes from behind; in Japan they are presented from the front.

DEAR.—"Dear," in the affectionate sense, is the old English deore, old High German turi, distinguished, worthy, costly. "Dear men" were distinguished men. It came to be used in personal address for "esteemed," "valued," rather than loved; but it gradually came to be used in the affectionate sense. The ordinary polite form of "Dear sir" dates from the seventeenth century.

THE CROW.—A farmer near Patchogue, Long Island, has a tame crow, which while it has perfect freedom, seldom goes far from the dooryard. The crow was captured while quite young, and is thoroughly domesticated. It roosts at night with the hens in the henhouse. With the imitative instincts of its kind; it has learned to reproduce exactly the cackling of the hens, so that strangers passing often stop and look upward with amazement at what seems to be the cackling of a hen flying about in the air.

ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.—The "india-rubber" plant is a great tree in the tropical countries where it is found—often one hundred feet high—with a vast leafy crown extending forty or fifty feet outwards on each side of the massive trunk, and with immense buttressing roots twisting and winding along above the ground in such a way as to lead the natives of India and Ceylon to call it the "snake tree." Sometimes these roots grow up into the trees and make the tree look like the banyan—to which, indeed, it is related.

NEITHER horses nor mules can live in Madagascar, because a small insect, locally called "carapates," will lodge between the animals' skin and flesh and torture them to a state of exhaustion. Neither turpentine nor carbolic acid will avail against it, nor any other substance, unless perhaps the juice of a tropical plant called "Pourpier Marron," which however involves a lengthy treatment, impracticable during a campaign. In fact, it is found that the only animals available would be zebus (Indian ox), which could be trained in a month, or elephants.

THUNDER MYTH.—A curious thunder myth is related by Mr. A. L. Algers, who heard it from an old Penobscot Indian woman. It appears that every spring these Indians, on hearing the first thunder, build a fire in the open air, and throw tobacco on to it to give "Grandfather Thunder" a smoke. The custom originated in a legend of the Penobscots to the effect that a young woman of the tribe was once saved from a "loathy worm" by thunder and lightning. Mr. Louis Mitchell, once the Indian member of the Maine Legislature and a Passamaquoddy Indian, assured Mr. Algers that no Indian or Indian property is ever injured by lightning, which is regarded as "Grandfather Thunder's wife."

FOWL-REARING IN CHINA.—The breeding and rearing of fowls is an important industry in China, as they form a very considerable portion of the daily food of the better class of the people. The varieties of fowls are few in number. The principal are the Yangchow fowl, a large bird of good flavor, which weighs from four to six pounds. The variety is a good layer and sitter, the eggs being of brownish tinge and good size. It lays, during eight or nine months of the year, about two hundred eggs, ceasing only in the hot summer months. This description is kept more for the table than for laying purposes, as its flesh is particularly good. The Chow is another variety. A pure white cock of this breed is always carried on the coffin at a native funeral cortege, and is sacrificed at the grave. Also on native boats a cock bird is killed on the Chinese New Year's Day, and the blood sprinkled on the bow to propitiate evil spirits and to ensure good luck during the year.

### GOING BACK.

by M. S.

Backwards I go in the twilight gloom,
  And my work unheeded lies,
While shadows lurk in my lonely room
  As the firelight flames and dies—
Back from the wintry frost and rime,
  From my daily toil and care,
With a smile and a sigh o'er the sands of Time,
  Away to the days that were—

Backwards I go in the fading light
  From the Present far away,
Till my soul grows strong and mine eyes grow bright
  And my heart once more is gay.
Remembrance brightens the dreary gloom
  And banishes woe and care,
When she leads me far from my lonely room
  Away to the days that were!

# A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"DONE to him?" she echoed feebly, losing her usual self-possession under the swiftness of the attack, and miserably conscious that she was blushing in the most guilty manner under his keen glance.

"Done to him?" she repeated, as if she hoped to get some inspiration from the words themselves. Then she suddenly recovered herself and, with an air of indignant remonstrance, turned upon him viciously.

"How dare you attack an unprotected woman in that mysterious fashion? What do you mean by 'done to him?' Did he say I had done anything to him? And, if so, what? Make your accusation openly, like a man, sir, and I will defend myself; but don't go potting at me from behind a tree stump with your ambiguous 'done to him?'"

He laughed, as she had meant he should, and for a moment she thought that the danger was over. But, when he had laughed and gently shaken her, called her a ferocious young savage, and declared he was quaking with fear, he returned quietly to the subject.

"All the same, Gipsy, there must have been some little bother between you, because, you know, there is nothing absolutely repulsive about you—now is there?"

"I don't know," she observed, with exaggerated meekness.

"Oh; rubbish!" he said bluntly. "You know very well that you are a general favorite among men wherever you go. And Cambray is just as popular with the women; and so I want to know why he flatly refused to act as your appointed escort on Miller's wedding day?"

"Did he—did he do that?" she cried, with a quiver in her voice, as if the knowledge hurt her. "Oh, I wish you had not asked him!"

"Well, so do I, if it has vexed you. But how was I to know that there was any row on between you? One can't be expected to sniff those things out as a pig sniffs out truffles."

"Oh, but it isn't a row!" she said impulsively, and then stopped. She felt a strong desire to tell the Major the whole story; and yet, if she began, it was so difficult to know where to stop; and what if she were to do Tryan any harm?

"Well, if it isn't a row, what is it?" he asked, with quiet persistence. "Is it what you girls call a misunderstanding? Has he ever made love to you, Gipsy?"

"No—it was I!" she answered; and the solemn frankness of the announcement almost made him laugh. "It was I who made love to him, and—and dragged a declaration from him. And then—afterwards, you know—he found out about that wretched money of mine, and—and he would not have any more to do with me; and that's all about it!"

"Oh, is that it? I was certain there was something. So Cambray knows about this Aladdin's cave of yours, does he?"

"Yes—I reckon he knows everything now," she said, speaking as if the possession of every sovereign she owned was a separate crime. "Those lawyer men have been talking, and I concluded he has heard all the hateful details from them."

"Well, it is just what I should have expected of him, you know."

"Yes—I suppose so," she rejoined forlornly.

The Major glanced sympathetically at the winsome little face, looking so unlike itself with that cloud of sorrow dimming its brightness.

"Don't say anything about this, will you?" she said presently. "They"—jerking her head towards the house—"think I am getting over it quite splendidly; I don't want them to be worried about it."

He nodded comprehendingly.

"And you're not getting over it quite splendidly—eh?"

She gave a little tremulous sigh and picked up her dibble from where she had thrown it upon the grass.

"Are you a great hand at dibbling daisies, Major Darncombe?"

He took no notice of the frivolous inquiry, but said gently—

"Shall I try to bring Tryan Cambray to reason?"

"Oh, no—not on any account whatever! I should not like him to know I had been talking about it at all."

"Well, Gipsy, I think you are a plucky little Briton?"

"Yank!" she demurred, with a smile which was so palpably at variance with the trouble in her eyes that the Major felt ten times more sorry for her than before.

"Quite so—Yank. I beg pardon of your republicanism!"

He stood watching her business-like extermination of the daisy-roots for a time in silence; then he made a remark which so startled her in its seeming irrelevance that she nearly dropped the dibble and fled; she almost fancied he must have been reading her thoughts.

"That servant-girl who was killed up at the Gillian's Hood quarry last summer must have been rather nice-looking!"

"Yes—I believe she was. What put that into your head just now?"

"Looking at you. You look awfully fetching in that big hat!"

"Thank you! Who told you I was like that poor girl?"

"Young Greenbury. I gave him a lift along a bit of the road just now, and I was telling him about that poor mad chap—the one we saw fetched away from that empty house, you know."

"Yes—I know."

"Well, Greenburg said the poor wretch was not so mad, after all, as he seemed, for there was a strong likeness between you and the murdered girl."

"Well, but——" She stopped her energetic dibbling and looked at him curiously. "What has my likeness to Ellen Bardell to do with that mad tramp?"

"Did I never tell you about that? No? By-the-bye, I don't believe you were at home the day when I told your aunts about it. He took you for the spirit of the murdered girl, you know."

"But, Major Darncombe, what had this madman to do with that girl? I don't see the connection at all."

"He was an old sweetheart of hers, it seems; and when he heard of the murder it sent him crooked; and now he has got the idea into his muddled head that it was he who killed her——"

"What?"

"And that her spirit can't rest because he is still unpunished. Why, bless you, when the doctors examined him he went into the whole affair with them—made a full confession of the awful business from beginning to end; and—— Gipsy, my dear, what's the matter?"

He broke off suddenly, alarmed by the swift blanching of her face.

"I think—I'm choking!" gasped Thir, plucking violently at the neck of her gown and panting like a hunted hare. "Hold me—hold me tight! I'm—falling!"

The feeling of faintness lasted but a few moments, and then she drew her breath more freely; but she still held on to him tightly with a firm grip and laughed faintly at her own nonsense.

"I was never so nearly off in my life," she said. "It's—it's a frightful feeling! Did I terrify you?"

"Rather! You don't know how you looked. Come into the house and have some wine."

"In a minute—when you've told me all about that poor fellow."

"Come and have the wine first, there's a good girl! I'll finish the story afterwards."

"I can't do anything," she cried, as he tried to lead her away, "until you have told me all about that man!"

"But, my dear little child, what else is there to tell you?" he asked, yielding at once to her whim.

"About his confession. How did they know it was not true? How did they know he had not really killed the girl?"

"How did they know?" he echoed, looking thoroughly puzzled. "I don't know how they knew. Oh, by the-bye, though—yes, I do!" he exclaimed. "I remember now. Miss Valland—— Eh—bad again, are you?"

At the mention of Dora's name her grip on his arm had tightened instinctively.

"No—not a bit. Go on! Miss Valland ——"

"Miss Valland knew the captain of the ship that this man was in at the time the murder was committed—right away somewhere on the other side of the world they were."

"And did they—the doctors—have any proof that this was really so beyond Miss Valland's word?"

"Now you've cornered me fairly," he admitted smilingly. "I'm sure I never heard; but personally I am of opinion that they would accept Miss Valland's word on the matter. Why shouldn't they, you know—a lady of her position, you see? And why should she tell a falsehood about such a thing?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Thir; and there was such a world of meaning in the exclamation that Major Darncombe's curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"Whatever should Miss Valland have in common with a drunken sailor?" he queried. "I've noticed none of you seem to care much for her—Carry will never go in when she calls—but aren't you pushing it a little bit too far to insinuate such a thing as that? I'm sure she is charity itself! Why, this very case, for instance! There was some hitch about taking the man in at the county asylum, and she plumped down the money like a——"

Thir suddenly looked up, her face glowing with vivid excitement.

"She pays for him? That settles it! Oh, how I wish I could ask a tremendous favor of you!" she cried, clasping her trembling hands and fixing her eyes upon him as if it were her very life she was asking of him. "Oh, if I only knew somebody of whom I could ask a favor just now!"

"Well, I think that is uncommonly hard upon me," he answered, speaking lightly because he saw how agitated she was. "I thought you and I were always to stand by each other through thick and thin."

"Oh, I wonder if you would! If you don't, I must do it alone!"

"Well?"

"Will you take me to the country asylum to see this man who is paid for by Miss Valland?"

For a moment he looked at her doubtfully; and then the intense wistfulness of her face seemed to impress him.

"Of course I will!" he said heartily.

The prompt assent took her by surprise, and, in her relief, she gave vent to her feelings by a sudden impetuous outburst of tears.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" she cried between her sobs, shaking his hands and smiling and wiping away her tears in turn. "It is so sweet of you to say it like that, without asking a single question or making a single condition!"

"Well, you see, I thought you were going to ask me something so much worse," he said, smiling, "you were so very tragic over it. We will drive over to the asylum any day—you like—to-morrow, if you prefer it. About the aunts—are they to know it? Not till afterwards? Ah, that's what I expected! Well, now, when I ask you presently to drive into York with me to-morrow, on a secret mission not unconnected with presents—we'll get some while we are about it, you know—you will understand what I mean. And now, if your mind is more at rest, do come in and get that glass of port-wine, and tell me just as much or as little as you like about this mysterious expedition of ours."

"What a dear good darling you are!" she exclaimed. "I hate port-wine like poison, but I'll drink a bottleful if it will please you!"

"Well, you must have something," he said; "you look like a ghost. If your aunts see you looking like that, they will put a veto on your going out to-morrow."

This shrewd remark had the desired effect; Thir gulped the wine down quickly, and then went to the window and did her shuddering all to herself. This sudden unexpected ray of hope brought a brightness to her face that it had sadly lacked for some time past.

All through these weary winter months she had been pondering long the cruel injustice which made her powerless to help Tryan in his sorrow and loneliness.

But among all her wild schemes of deliverance this particular form of escape had never occurred to her—that the real murderer should confess his guilt! For that this poor wretch who was shut up in the lunatic asylum was the real murderer she did not doubt for a moment.

It was Dora Valland's unsupported evidence which had sent him there, and it was her money which was keeping him there; these facts spoke for themselves. It was Dora who had seen and spoken to the man on that November evening at the common when he had been scared into a fit.

Perhaps he had confessed his crime then, while under the influence of his awful fear. Perhaps that was why she had hurried him away through the Cambray plantations to the railway station.

And then, when, three months later, he had come again, and she found she could not keep him away from the place, she had gone a step farther in her wickedness, and conceived and carried out this desperate plan for keeping him out of the way.

The more Thir thought over the matter the more certain she felt that this so-called lunatic was no lunatic at all, but rather a conscience-haunted criminal, whose liberty would be dangerous to nobody but himself.

The idea grew upon her till her heart was so filled with hope that she could scarcely restrain her feelings. She was so mischievous and full of high spirits when her aunts came home that they looked at her once or twice in surprise.

The Thir who had lived with them all the winter had been bright and cheerful certainly, but this gay tricksy sprite was in very truth the Thir who had come into the house last summer like a gleam of veritable sunshine.

"And Mrs. Wellcome is going to make room for Dora, after all," said aunt Carry presently, while detailing her budget of village news; "but Ursula is to come with her. Mrs. Wellcome says she would not undertake to do for her now that she needs such constant attention."

Thir listened and suddenly became sobered. She had not thought of the case as it was likely to affect Dora. If this thing were found out, what an intolerable burden of shame would fall upon the Rector's daughter and on the Rector himself! The thought shadowed the joyousness of her new hope, but it did not shake her resolution to carry out her purposes. Tryan was, and always would be, first with her. Dora had made her own bed—she must lie upon it.

But Thir shrank a little from contemplating what that "lying upon it" might mean for the Rector's strong-willed daughter. She had gained her end so far in keeping Thir and Tryan apart; it remained to be seen how she would bear defeat.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE following day the sun shone brightly; and Thir, as little superstitious as most people, could not, in her great eagerness, help taking heart of grace from the brilliancy of the morning.

In her intense desire to deprive Dora Valland's cruel threat of its power, and so leave Tryan free to follow his own inclinations, independently of any other person's wishes, the exquisite sunshine was to her an augury of the success of her expedition.

All the morning she watched the cloud-flecked April sky with an anxiety which was perfectly inexplicable to her aunts; and, when the sunshine continued in one unbroken blaze of splendor up to the moment of her departure, she was ready to shout aloud in the joy and gladness of her heart.

Was it possible that in a few hours' time she would be in a position to go to her love, and say to him, "there is no longer any obstacle between us, dearest! I have found the man who in very truth did the dreadful thing which Dora Valland threatens to lay at your door, and he has confessed his guilt; and we are now at liberty to love each other as openly as we like!"

Thir sat still and prim by the side of the Major as they started on their drive; but her eyes sparkled, in spite of all her attempts to be decorous.

At the top of the High Street they came upon the Rector and Dora walking slowly on the sunny side of the road arm-in-arm.

"I didn't know she was out yet," said the Major quietly, as he made his salutation. "We shall have to stop, Gipsy, if only for a moment. Delighted to see you out again, Miss Valland!" he cried, pulling up the meddlesome horse.

"Good morning, sir! Grand morning for the growing things—eh? Don't come too near. This brute is almost pulling my arms out this morning. You don't look in a downright rollicking state of health yet, Miss Valland."

Dora and Thir were looking at each other, Dora wondering uneasily what her rival's look of vivid happiness might mean, and Thir shocked and pitiful at sight of Dora's pale thin face.

"I'm real glad you're well enough to go out again!" said Thir gently. "I hope you've not been in too great a hurry, Mr. Valland; I apprehend these spring winds are treacherous."

"Oh, we've taken every care!" the Rector assured her. "Plenty of warm wraps, and a bowl of hot soup waiting for her the moment she gets in. Her looks always pity her—a natural pallor, Clapper calls it—but she is getting stronger every day now."

"Glad to hear it!" said Darncombe heartily. "Good day! You mustn't stand about, and this beast is too fidgety to keep quiet;" and, to Thir's relief, he let the horse's head go and left them.

They drove on for some time in silence. At first the Major's whole attention was claimed by the horse; but after the first two or three miles the animal's skittishness calmed down a little, and Darncombe began to wonder at the sudden change in his companion. Presently he glanced at her face, and then wondered still more.

"What has come to pass now?" he inquired, with his eyebrows elevated quizzically. "Might I presume to ask what has caused this sudden gravity without bringing an accusation of prying curiosity on myself? You haven't altered your mind about this expedition, have you? Do you begin to feel frightened at the thought of facing this maniac? Shall we give it up for to-day?"

"No—not on my account!" she answered, with prompt decision.

"Then what has brought about this change? Where has all your foolishomeness gone to—eh? What has made you so solemn all at once?"

"I think it was the change in Dora Valland," she said slowly. "Do you think she is going to die?"

"Die? Not a bit of it! I expect the doctor is right—she looks a great deal more delicate than she really is. I've known white skinned women before—tough as leather, some of 'em. That fair pale young person will probably outlive you and me yet."

"But it was not only her pallor," said Thir, speaking in a troubled hesitating way, as if she found some difficulty in putting her thoughts into words—"it was not actually anything to do with her health at all. It was—— Oh," she cried, breaking off with a touch of petulance, "how shall I put it so you won't laugh at me? Men always make fun of anything of that kind, and I'm free to confess I don't often go in for that sort of thing myself; and yet—well, this time I reckon it's got fairly hold of me, and it's anything but a pleasant experience!"

Darncombe gave a good look ahead to assure himself that there was a clear stretch of road, and then turned to his companion.

"Don't talk in parables," he said—"nothing is more irritating to a person of commonplace intelligence. What's the bother? Speak out!"

She knitted her pretty well-marked brows thoughtfully for a moment, and then began, with apparently glaring irrelevancy—

"In the English History that I read when I was quite a small child there was something about the strange expression in the eyes of Charles the First."

"Oh, Gipsy, my dear!" he exclaimed rather despairingly.

Thir put her hand upon his arm to stop him, and went on—

"That book said that from the time he was quite an infant people used to declare there was heaps of trouble before him, and a tragic end to finish with; and they used to say they read it in the expression of his eyes. Well, just now, when Dora Valland stood looking up at me with the strong daylight on her face, I thought I read just the same history there! Her eyes looked like those of a person who is foredoomed to suffer far beyond the usual lot of humanity, and who knows herself that she is so foredoomed. And, do you know, people like that are supposed to bring ill-luck if you meet them when you are starting on any undertaking. I wish we had not seen her! Now have your laugh at me!"

"No—I won't laugh," he said, smiling affectionately down at her, "because I can see you are very much in earnest about this fancy. Folk often have these funny little notions at this time of the year; the sudden changes in the weather relax the nerves, you know, and make you feel depressed."

"Was I depressed this morning?" she asked, with a quiet smile. "You know I was not. I just felt as if the sunshine had got into my head, I was so gay. I felt the whole world had turned round for me, that everything was going to work exactly right, just as I wished it. I had no presentiment, no thought of trouble in my mind, until I met Dora Valland's glance; and then, all at once, that premonition of evil fell upon me. I don't see how you can well make the weather answerable for that! Perhaps, though, the moon is near the full—that might have something to do with it. At any rate, I'm awfully obliged to you for not laughing at my trash! Oh, isn't that a sweet dainty little tavern? Could one get a lemonade there, do you think? I'm try some!"

"We'll try, at any rate," said Darncombe, seeing her evident desire to drop the subject, and falling in with the idea at once.

But, when they drew up at the little road-side inn, they found the proprietor was out of lemonade, so Thir had to endure another spell of thirst.

When they were driving on again, she started an animated chatter, and kept it up unflaggingly for some time. But her vivacity was so forced, so different from her radiant spirits at starting, that Darncombe felt the difference plainly, and presently he stopped her.

"Do give yourself a little rest, my child!" he said gently.

"You'll have no voice left to talk to your lunatic with if you go on like that much longer. By-the-bye, Gipsy, whom are we to ask for when we get to the asylum? Do you know the man's name?"

Thir clasped her hands tragically.

"This is the beginning of it!" she cried, half laughing, half in earnest. "Dora Valland's unlucky glance is working already! I have not the slightest idea of his name. Check number one?"

"Oh, rubbish!" he rejoined cheerfully. "Such a trifle as that isn't going to count as a check! I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll drive straight to the head doctor's private house and send our cards in. He's a decent sort of a man—dined at mess one night, I remember—and he'll do all he can to help us."

Thir confessed it was "a real good idea;" but she did not speak with enthusiasm. Her spirit of hopefulness had deserted her, and nothing in the world could bring it back.

"You know, Gipsy," the Major went on, "I don't want you to tell me a word more about this affair than you feel inclined, but I can't help you much, when we get to the asylum, unless I know what it is you're going there for. Of course I guess there is something you want to find out, and you think this mad sailor can help you. I might be of some service to you if I knew exactly what it is you want to arrive at."

"No—I think I can do it best myself," she replied thoughtfully. "Of course I'll tell you what it is," she added, slipping her hand within his arm as if she was afraid he might be hurt by her want of confidence. "I just want to convince myself that Dora Valland was speaking the truth when she said this man was abroad at the time of the murder."

"You want to convince other people that she was not speaking the truth, you mean, Gipsy?"

"That's so!" she exclaimed; "You've put it straighter than I did! That is exactly what I want to do!"

"Well, it all sounds very queer and mysterious," he said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "It's a funny start to find two such girls as you and Miss Valland mixing yourselves up in the affairs of such a drunken blackguard as this sailor is by all accounts; but I suppose you've both got good reasons for what you are doing. You know, Gipsy, there's hardly another girl in the world that I'd have brought on such an expedition as this without first knowing all the ins and outs of the business. But I know you've a good allowance of common-sense, and so I've trusted you not to make an exhibition of us when we get to this place. Tell me how you mean to set about making your inquiries."

"I have it all mapped out here," she told him, touching her forehead; "I thought it all out before I went to sleep last night. If this man is not mad—and he isn't—not downright mad, I'll lay anything—I'll get him to tell me the names of the ships he sailed in before and after this murder, and we'll soon find out if he could have been on the other side of the world between-whiles."

"What you really want to do then is to convict him of this murder?"

"My gracious—no!" She drew back in sudden horrified dismay, and then paused in evident perplexity.

"Then all I can say is that you are acting in a most incomprehensible manner. It can't be that you are trying to establish some other person's innocence, because nobody was ever even taken up on suspicion, so far as I remember."

"No—nobody was." She paused again, then continued. "Oh, how difficult it is to manage anything at all when one mayn't speak out! You've trusted me so much, dear, you'll have to trust me a little more. It is like this—I don't want the whole of creation to know of this man's guilt, but I do want to be absolutely certain of it myself, because then—— Well, I can't explain any more; that is where somebody else's name comes in, you see."

"I see—or rather," he added comically, "I don't see; but I understand why you can't let me see. At all events, Gipsy, I'm glad your mind isn't set on hanging this poor chap! I thought it couldn't be revenge you were working on; scarcely your line, that sort of thing—eh?"

After this they finished their drive more soberly; and, as they drew near the end of their journey, Thir, to her own great surprise, began to feel decidedly nervous.

The introduction to Doctor Bramley and his wife however helped to restore her usual self-possession. They seemed to see nothing peculiar in the visit, nor in the Major's chaperoning a young and pretty girl; in their surroundings they were accustomed to things which might have seemed extraordinary to more commonplace people.

They were just going in to luncheon, and insisted upon the visitors joining them.

"Oh, yes, I guessed it was a business visit," said the Doctor, in reply to a remark of Major Darncombe's; "but that is no reason why we should send you empty away! If you have driven from Quilter's Common, you ought to be ready for luncheon; so come along, and we will settle the business afterwards."

Presently, when he had satisfied his hospitable instincts, and the children had been sent off for their walk, Doctor Bramley turned to Darncombe with a change of manner.

"And now for the business," he said. "What was it brought you over to see me?"

Accustomed as the Doctor was to unusual requests, he was surprised when they told him they wanted to see a patient whose very name was unknown to them; and it took a considerable amount of delicate manœuvring on the Major's part to reconcile him to the idea.

"Indiscriminate visiting sometimes does such infinite harm," he declared. But, after a great deal of hesitation, he gave way so far as to send a pencilled memorandum of the date of the man's admission, and what other scanty particulars they could give him, together with the name of the place he came from, down to the clerk's office; and in ten minutes' time a written report was brought back to him.

"Ah, well," said Doctor Bramley, after glancing at the paper, "you must prepare yourselves for a disappointment after all. I thought, when you mentioned Quilter's Common, that most likely it was this man you wanted. This is all the information I can give you." And he read—

"'John Martin' age about thirty, seaman by calling, place of birth and parentage unknown. Fully developed monomania, temporarily increased by excessive drinking; imagined himself to be guilty of the murder of his sweetheart. Well conducted and amenable to discipline; reasonable in demeanor, but restless under confinement. Physical health failing fast. Date of entrance into asylum, Feb. 2, 1890, date of escape, April 13, 1890. No information of whereabouts to hand at present."

"April the 13th!" repeated Thir blankly. "He escaped from this place on April the 13th! And we have missed him only by two days!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE announcement of the patient's escape was a crushing blow to Thir. During the conversation between the doctor and Major Darncombe her hopes had again risen, but now they went down to zero. She was as far from the realization of her day dream as ever.

Darncombe, who knew her well enough to be sure that there was some very sufficient reason for her intense desire to interview this drunken reprobate, thoroughly sympathised with her in her disappointment.

On the way home he suggested that she should have a man from Scotland Yard to trace the fugitive. But she was quick-witted enough to see that this meant possible danger to the man himself, and would not entertain the idea.

"You know there was a government reward offered for the apprehension of the murderer of Ellen Bardell," she reminded him. "I should never forgive myself if this poor John Martin was found out through me."

"Well, found out he certainly will be," declared the major—"that is, if he is still in the same mind as he was when he went into that place. His idea then was to give himself up to the police. He'd a notion that the girl couldn't rest in her grave till he'd been punished. Queer fancy, wasn't it? It's like enough he'll have gone straight to the police and have given himself up. There's one thing, though," he added—"he's probably sober now. After two months and more of enforced temperance, he may not feel so anxious as he did to find out what hanging is like."

"Do you know," said Thir, "I've a notion that he will go back to that quarry place again. I've read of murderers who couldn't keep away from the place where they killed their victims."

"You've quite made up your mind that he did it, then?"

"Yes; I've never doubted his guilt for an instant since you told me last night of his confession."

"Ah, well, look here, little girl! I hope you won't go prying around that desolate old quarry place by yourself on the chance of meeting this drunken, murderous, lunatic gentleman!"

As this was precisely what she had set her heart upon doing, she was rather at a loss what reply to make, and looked upon it as a special dispensation of Providence that the horse should at that moment have required the major's attention, and saved her from the disagreeable task of evading the truth.

As they passed the Rectory on their way home, the doctor's brougham was drawing up at the front gate, and Darncombe pulled up for a moment to say "How d'ye do?"

Thir was trembling with excitement. She did not want the escape of the lunatic to be mentioned, and yet it was impossible for her to ask the major to hold his tongue; and, to her intense annoyance, it was almost the first subject that was alluded to.

"By Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed the doctor. "Yes—I heard about it, and I forgot to say a word to Miss Valland. She's very interested in that poor fellow. I forgot, though—I'm telling tales out of school. Let me see—it was the day before yesterday that he escaped—wasn't it? Well, he would be hardly likely to have got a ship yet—would he? We shall be in time to catch him at Hull. A dangerous fellow, Major Darncombe—never to be depended upon two minutes together!"

He then went straight into Dora's presence, with his mind full of the idea; and Thir had to find what comfort she could in the knowledge that the Major's indiscretion had only hurried on what was already inevitable.

Dora was in her usual place by the drawing-room fire, and had not seen the meeting at the gate. All day long she had been dwelling upon the previous day's scene with Tryan.

She had not tried for a single moment to shut her eyes to the fact that the pitiful declaration had been wrung from him against his will and against his inclination, under the impression that it was her very life he was called upon to save.

But the knowledge that this was so in no wise weakened her resolution—on the contrary, it rather made her harden her heart still farther, and determine that, having overcome all other obstacles, she would not be conquered now by her own tardy squeamishness.

She knew Tryan better than he knew himself, she declared over and over again; her nature was stronger than his.

Once married, it was not his will, but hers, which would guide the course of their existence; and she would guide it always with a view to his pleasure, his benefit, his happiness, until in sheer gratitude he must in time come to love her as she yearned to be loved by him.

These and a thousand other thoughts, all resting on the same foundation, filled her mind as she lay on her couch in the clear light of the April afternoon.

She had hoped that Tryan would come to-day and make a formal proposal to her father; but by the afternoon post she had received a letter from him appointing the following morning for the interview, so she was resting more quietly, if not more contentedly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO A PICTURE.

BY M. M.

His living image on our vision falling
In silent eloquence all clear proclaims
They never die—a truth that needs recalling—
Who live for others, scorning selfish aims.

We may carve lines on monuments of glory
To marble rare a name revered impart;
Still grander lives his memory and life's story
On throbbing tablets of the grateful heart.

# Of Inversheild.

BY M. A. M.

IN THE West Highlands of Scotland, nature, disdaining all but the grand and simple outlines of mountain and sky, with here and there a distant glimpse of sea, rises from the beautiful to the sublime. Somewhere in those vast tracts of mountain and moorland, over which the sea-winds blow, and to which only the clouds bring change, and whose largeness is so unspeakably restful to hearts and eyes wearied with the humdrum small details of a city life—somewhere, in these solitudes, there is a heap of gray stones, half-hidden among the heather, which was once the Tower of Inversheild.

Wandering there alone, one cloudy autumn day, I came upon an old shepherd, as gray and ruffled as the landscape, and seeming, indeed, as much a part of it as the boulders which cropped out here and there through the purple hill-side. We were soon deep in talk—talk about the sheep, the last-winter's snow, and such-like matters—and when we reached the heap of stones, I proposed a halt for refreshment, and was seating myself on one of the weather-worn blocks, when my companion exclaimed:

"Hout, man, dinna sit there—yon's the Tour o' Inversheild!"

"Is that any reason why we should not eat our bread and cheese here?" I asked, pausing, however, with my knapsack half unstrapped.

"Na, na, sir," said the old man, in a decided tone. "Ye wadna speir that, gif ge kent a' aboot the Tour. Come awa', sir, and I'll fin' ye a saft neuk o' th' heather, better than aiccan uncanny place as yon for a Christian man to take his vittles in."

So I dragged myself up (I had tramped a good twenty miles that morning) and, first stipulating that my guide should tell me the story of the Tower, suffered him to lead me on a couple of hundred yards or so, to the opening of the little pass in which the stones lay.

We sat down on a "neuk" of the hill, whence we could still see the shapeless heap, and the wide shelving sides of the pass. On our left we looked over miles of moorland, rising higher and higher to the blue line of Ardnamurchan. Far off, the sun was shining on a boggy mountain-side, the bright streaks of yellow and green, and the dashes of purple heather, showed out strongly from the surrounding grayness. But, even in that grayness there was an infinite gradation of tone—a variety of color all the more satisfying for the underlying monotony.

A few white dots moved over the nearer slopes, and now and then a sheep-bell tinkled down the wind. The air was full of song; the larks, by two and three together, were singing, in spite of the clouded sky; and from the heather came the "crick-crick" of innumerable grasshoppers.

"There is room enough, here," said I to the old shepherd, "for even the thoughts of men."

I considered I had made rather a profound observation; but I don't think the shepherd quite liked it; for he said something about the "wonderfu' warks o' God, makin' us feel the sma'ness o' man," which I took as a reproof. My own experience, however, is, that man feels much bigger and stronger on a mountain side than among the throng of other men; and for my part I find city walls less easy to scale than mountain walls. But I did not say so to the shepherd, lest he should refuse to tell me his story.

We played the man at our "vittles." The shepherd produced a prodigious quantity of oat-cake from a blue handkerchief, and then I brought out the snuff-box which I make a point of carrying in Scotland—it is an almost infallible recipe for opening a Scotchman's heart and untying his tongue.

I cannot give the old man's tale in his own words; but this is the substance of the legend of the Monteiths of Inversheild.

All the lands over which we looked were once theirs, and many an acre besides of peat-bog and moss and moor. That heap of stones was once the turret of a castle. The castle has vanished, the very ruins are gone, taken stone by stone by the cottars to repair their dwellings—all but a little heap; no one would mend his broken wall with them.

For in the Tower of Inversheild a deed was done so far beyond the ordinary wickedness of man, that sins which have a name show almost white beside this nameless crime. For generations the Monteiths had been going from bad to worse—"Nae gude cam' o' them syn Wallace," said the old shepherd. "Ye ken, sir, they were o' his blude that played fause. Aweel, aweel, maybe that's ower lang ago to cast it oop till a mon yet!"

From bad to worse they went, however, until, two hundred years ago or so—the honest shepherd's chronology was of the vaguest—the wicked Laird out-sinned them all. Blood was shed in that Tower, and it was darkly whispered that the victims were not less guilty than their murderer.

One of these victims was a recreant priest, who was believed to have celebrated an impious mockery of marriage between the wicked Laird and one who was "forbidden" to him. But rumor differed widely as to the details of his crime.

The wicked Laird fled; and, as though the devil had gone out of him in that tremendous catastrophe, he roamed from place to place, seeking absolution. Like Tannhauser (of whom my shepherd had, however, never heard), he traveled on foot, begging his way as he went.

He prayed at every sacred shrine, he consulted every reverend father of more than usual fame as a confessor. He spent his life in penance and austerity, and at length died, unshriven, on his way to a priory somewhere in North Italy, whose Superior had a reputation for great discretion and sanctity.

Among the many penances which his many spiritual physicians had prescribed, and all of which, however severe, he had unflinchingly carried out, was a very remarkable one, affecting, not himself, but his descendants.

A certain confessor, famous for the rigor and saintliness of his life, to whom Monteith disclosed his secret, enjoined him, as a further proof of the sincerity of his repentance, and as a possible means of averting from his posterity the curse which his crime had doubtless drawn down on them, to make it a condition of inheritance, that the heir in the direct line must, on his twenty-first birthday, if he inherited while a minor—if not, within six months of his succeeding to the estate—go into the Tower of Inversheild, and remain there for an hour alone.

If he refused to fulfil this condition, the property was to go to the nearest collateral descendant of Monteith, who, as deriving from higher up the tree, would be free from the taint which must surely cling to Monteith's children, to the third and fourth generation.

On the death of such collateral descendant, the next lineal representative could, by complying with the condition, resume the family estate, which was not to finally lapse from the direct line until after three several refusals.

As will be imagined, the castle was suffered to fall into ruin. Long before the news came that the wicked Laird had died in a foreign land, it was commonly reported that he had laid a curse on Inversheild; and when, at last, Monteith's son, who had served in the Austrian army, came home to take possession, there were those who advised him to dispute the will, or even to forfeit the estate, rather than go alone into that accursed place, with so awful a taint of ancestral crime making the very air deadly to any of Monteith's blood.

And was it not known to every shepherd on the country-side that, upon a particular night every year, a light was seen flitting from window to window, as though someone were mounting the narrow turret-stair, and unearthly shrieks were heard, at which the light vanished?

But Monteith only laughed a little, and was a little angry, as well he might be, for he himself did not know how much or how little truth there might be in the popular rumor, nor how nearly he himself might be connected with it; beyond that dark hint in the will, his father had told him nothing.

Accompanied by all the oldest tenants, the heir of Inversheild went to the turret, and shut himself in there alone. They heard his feet go up the stairs—then, an undefined fear made them withdraw a little, still keeping the Tower in sight. Hark! what was that—a shriek, or only the cry of a hawk? See!—a hawk has risen from the parapet—no, not a hawk! That was no hawk, but some foul carrion-bird—and how dark and lowering the sky has grown!

The hour goes by, and another hour, and another. The heavy clouds have cleared, and the late afternoon is bright and sunny. The Tower looks very harmless in the sunshine. Why does the Laird linger so long?

At last the tenants resolve to go in and see. A dozen Christian men are surely a match for the devil himself, especially in broad daylight. So they go up, two abreast—the stair will hold no more—and keeping very close together, and find the new Laird of Inversheild stretched dead on the dusty floor, with faint blue marks on his throat, as though he had been strangled.

Nothing in the little turret-room was disturbed; all was as it had been left on the night, thirty years before, when the wicked Laird fled from the scene of his guilt; there was the dull red stain by the door, too. But, whatever hands did this deed, drew no blood, and there were no footsteps in the dust of the floor, except the Laird's own; nor was there, so far as the terrified spectators could perceive, any sign of a struggle.

The horror of the story spread far and wide. Inversheild was avoided almost as carefully as though the fatal upas tree had grown in the lonely glen. Even by daylight few would pass through it, and those who did, went in haste, and never looked behind.

The Laird who died so mysterious and dreadful a death left an infant son. When this son, Archibald by name, approached manhood, he announced his intention to fulfil the condition of his grandfather's will; and, on his twenty-first birthday, he went to the Tower, now almost unroofed, and fast becoming a mere ruin.

A new and much smaller dwelling-house had been built at the other end of the estate, which was enlarged from time to time by successive tenants—as may be imagined, no one, not even the boldest scoffer of those days, would have inhabited the castle.

Archibald was attended, as his father had been, by many tenants and neighbors, to whom, as he went, he jestingly proved the folly of indulging in superstitious fears.

"My poor father," said he, more seriously—"my poor father doubtless had his head full of the ugly stories about my grandfather—who, to be sure, was not quite a paragon of virtue—and finding himself in this dismal hole gave him a queer turn, and the poor gentleman being, as I am told, of a full habit, brought on an apoplexy."

Arrived at the Tower, the young man, it is said, gaily took off his watch, and giving it to that one of the neighbors with whom he had been conversing the most, bade him mark the time, and call him when the hour should be up; and so strode in at the door, humming an air as he went.

He left the door ajar; and the neighbor, desiring the rest to stay near by, presently pushed the door open, and, saying he meant to go up and see fair play, began to ascend the now broken stair. But before he could gain the turret-chamber, a piercing scream rang out, and scream on scream followed, mingled with what sounded like choking laughter, ending in fresh shrieks.

The faithful neighbor (who was indeed of the Laird's own kith and kin) rushed up, after what seemed but one moment's hesitation, to find young Monteith raving mad, and beating his head against the walls of the room.

He was brought out, clinging convulsively to his kinsman; and the only sign of recollection or rationality he gave then, or afterwards, was to ask in a terrified and imploring voice, "Is the time up?" This question he would often put, with agonized anxiety; but he never seemed to understand the answer. It was believed by the awe-stricken country folk, that when, to pacify the unfortunate Monteith, his cousin looked at the watch, he found that it had stopped at precisely one hour from the time when the Laird entered the room — though everyone agreed that scarcely five minutes could have elapsed.

The Laird never recovered his reason, and died in a few years. He had married just before the fatal day, and his unhappy wife, worse than widowed, gave birth to a son whose father could never be gladdened by the sight of him.

Under the terms of the wicked Laird's will, this son was entitled to enjoy the estate during his minority, without thereby pledging himself to undergo the mysterious ancestral penance. But his mother left the ill-omened place as soon as she was a widow, and never returned. With her dying breath she charged her son, on pain of a mother's curse, never to so much as set foot on the lands of Inversheild.

He became a wanderer over the face of the earth. After years of vicissitude and hardship, he married a German wife, and settled in a small German town. Several children were born to him; the eldest son, Duncan Monteith, was fain to claim the inheritance of his forefathers.

But the earnest warning of both his parents had so strong an effect on him, that though (as the shepherd assured me) this alien-born Monteith went to Scotland, on the death of the then holder of the estate, and, unknown to any, visited the fatal glen, there his courage failed him.

All the ghastly traditions of his family rose up in his memory at the sight of the roofless, crumbling Tower, which let nothing but the sky look down into its empty depths. He even fancied that he was aware of a strong unseen influence drawing him to the long unopened door—drawing him to doe his doom. He fled, and left the lands of Inversheild to an heir who need not buy them at such a price.

Duncan's son—born of an English mother, and brought up in England—lived in a time when the great reaction of reason against authority had fairly set in. He did not share the sceptical opinions of his day, but he was little amenable to superstitious ideas of any kind, and the consideration that here was a large estate being lost to him, and his, for want of a little moral courage, was insolerable to him.

He was a staid, sober man, of near fifty, when the death of the collateral holder of Inversheild gave him the opportunity of fulfilling the strange condition of his ancestor's will.

He went to the Tower well armed, saying that he feared no foes who did not carry weapons. His son, a growing youth, and the chief tenants—grandsons and great-grandsons of those who had seen the ill-fated Archibald pass that dreadful threshold—waited outside. One aged cottar fell on his knees on the heathery hill-side, and prayed aloud that the "Muckle Deil" might not prevail against Monteith.

Slowly the minutes of the appointed hour went by; and as the last minute was gone, the door creaked on its rusty hinges, and Monteith re-appeared, bearing in his hand the hour-glass which he had taken with him to mark the lapse of time. But how changed!

He went in, a hale and stalwart man, still in the prime of strength, and with hair as black as his son's; he came out, shrunk and bowed, with hair as white as snow, and—most dreadful change of all—with an expression new and strange, that his own son scarce knew him.

What had happened to him—what nameless terror had appalled him; what spiritual presence had paralysed his well-balanced reason, and unnerved his courage—this sole survivor of the ordeal never told.

A party of sceptical philosophers, who soon afterwards passed that way, narrowly examined the Tower, but could find nothing save bare walls, and the crumbling remains of what was once massive furniture.

They, however, for some cause not explained, suddenly abandoned an intention they had somewhat loudly announced, of dining in the Tower, and there drinking the devil's health. The Tower struck plaguey cold, said the philosophers, and made haste to be gone.

The Laird of Inversheild, who had thus recovered his lands, lived for many years; but he always wore the same expression, as of one who has looked on some fearful spectacle and can never forget what he saw.

He took some part in the world, as became a Monteith of Inversheild; but he never joined in other men's jests, or made any of his own—a taciturn man, who was never seen to smile, and whose words were few and grave.

Men shrank from him, without knowing why; there was a subtle difference—which they felt, but could not define—such a difference as there would be, we may suppose, between a man who had returned hither from the world beyond death; who, one would think, could surely never again mingle as a mortal man with mortal men. Those who had not yet died would surely perceive some differ-

ence, though they might never suspect what it was, between themselves and the man who knew the great secret, albeit he could not tell.

The eldest son of this Monteith, born long before his father thus, as it were, mounted guard over his fate, had lived much on the Continent of Europe. He had held some diplomatic post at a foreign Court, and had been an eye-witness of the latter days of that end of the old world which we call the French Revolution.

He had once or twice visited the remote northern glen where his ancestors had rallied their clan longer ago than the day when a woman crowned the Bruce King of Scots; but his life had been mainly spent in cities.

Traveling was but slow in the early part of the nineteenth century, and Norman Monteith, summoned with all the haste of man, and horse, and wind, and tide, came too late to receive his father's blessing.

From words which the old man had let fall after he was stricken for death, it was more than probable he had intended to disclose some part at least of what had befallen him in the Tower, and to warn his son not to repeat the venture.

"Better let it go—better let it go," he was understood to say by those who watched his dying bed.

Still no absolute command had been laid on Norman Monteith; and many circumstances combined to make him very averse to lose Invershield. He had a large family, and much of his wife's private fortune had been lost in the troublous years but just past. So, after the old Laird had been laid with his fathers in the lonely burying-place among the mountains, Norman remained still at Invershield, and allowed it to be understood that he intended to fulfil the condition.

His wife, a countrywoman of his own, and a woman of high courage, had, it was said, implored him to defer the trial to the end of the six months' grace which the terms of the will gave.

Her reasons for asking this delay were, first, a strange impression on her own mind of something about to happen, which would render the trial unnecessary; and, secondly, the desire that her husband should, by familiarising himself with the idea, somewhat lessen the shock, and also assure himself of his own courage. "Hasty valor is of no avail here," said she. "If six months can cool your courage, that will be a certain sign that you cannot endure whatever it may be which awaits you."

All through the winter, therefore, Norman Monteith waited.

There were not wanting persons who tried to dissuade him. Even the Presbyterian minister of the wide-scattered mountain parish, seriously advised Monteith to let the land go, on the ground that it was ill dealing with kittle cattle.

But, whether Norman Monteith believed that he had a spoon long enough to sup withal with the Devil himself, or whether he had resolved to reclaim his inheritance at whatever cost, or whether he was in reality free from any superstitious fears, these well-meant exhortations did not shake his purpose.

Only a man very ignorant of human nature could, however, have contemplated so strange an ordeal quite without anxiety. Granting that nothing supernatural should be seen or heard during this solitary vigil, the family traditions were sufficiently painful to make any man of ordinary sensibility shrink from spending so long a time in the very spot where the events took place, and under circumstances which must vividly recall them to the watcher's mind.

It is, therefore, by no means to be wondered at, that, as the day drew near, Norman Monteith grew somewhat more grave and silent than his wont. All society, even that of his wife and children, became irksome to him, and he began to take long and solitary rambles; but in whatever direction he started, he invariably found his homeward road, as by some secret attraction, led by the haunted Tower.

It was the very day before that on which the trial must be undergone. Norman Monteith rose early, and left the house almost by stealth. He had for some time past found it impossible to talk on any subject but the one which, in spite of his utmost efforts, occupied all his thoughts, and he had a morbid dislike to let anyone guess how much the coming ordeal weighed on his mind.

During the day—it was a mild day in early spring, with a few fine-curled wisps of cloud towards the west—he wandered, he scarcely knew where. A thousand times he cursed the law, for permitting a dead man's caprice to bind the living. It was monstrous, he told himself, that his sinful ancestor should have been taught that he could atone for his crimes by thus, as it were, laying the burthen of them on his unborn descendants.

As for the trial, it was a fiendish device—an ingenious moral torture worthy of an inquisitor. Who could tell what tricks his imagination might not play him, shut up in a place polluted by such memories? Why, the very air around the accursed Tower seemed thicker and less wholesome than any other——

At this point in his meditations, Norman Monteith became aware, with a start of something like terror, that he had unconsciously approached within a stone's throw of the Tower, whose cold shadow indeed it was, which, falling across his path, had aroused him from his abstraction.

If Monteith had done exactly what he felt most inclined at that moment to do, I think he would have given the Tower a wide berth, and have struck homewards. But, after one glance to see how near the sun was to setting, he turned deliberately towards the Tower. To his surprise, he observed that the door was partly open, and at almost the same instant he heard a sound of singing from within.

With a strange awe upon him, he stopped to listen—a voice, a child's voice as it seemed, rang clear and sweet on the still air. He recognised the tune, and presently caught some of the words, as the little voice crooned them over and over. "Glory to Thee my God, this night," the childish voice was singing. Surely, he knows the voice: surely, surely, it is little Ailie, his own little Ailie! Good Heavens! how has she come here? Is she alone in that evil place?

Without an instant's hesitation, Monteith tears open the door, and hastens up the crazy stairs, calling eagerly, "Ailie, Ailie, where are you?"

"Here I am, father," says the sweet little voice, which had ceased its song at the noise of his entry. A tiny figure, with floating curls, comes to meet him, and laughs with glee as he takes her into his arms. How did she come there? And what is this, poking a great damp nose into Monteith's hand? The great wolf-hound that Monteith brought from the Vosges is swinging his huge tail from side to side, but he is Ailie's only guard and companion in this strange place.

The floor is strewed with the poor little wild-flowers of the bleak northern spring. Ailie was arranging them as she sang the Evening Hymn. She had strayed thither hours before, Monteith gathers from her answers to his questions; even now, perhaps, her mother is seeking her, so, with one look round the dismal mouldering walls, and upwards at the little glint of grey sky, he carries her down the stair, and out at the door. The sun is going down behind Ardnamurchan, and the wind blows chill for rain; but Ailie chatters gaily all the way home, and tells her father how the little birds came and picked up the crumbs she gave them.

That night the fiercest storm of the year beat round Invershield, but Monteith slept sound through it all; slept as he had not slept for months. The spell which had bound him seemed broken; he no longer shuddered at the thought of his vigil—the horror which had overshadowed him had vanished like an ugly dream—he could scarce persuade himself, indeed, that the last few months were more than a dream, so unreal had they suddenly become.

The storm abated in the morning, and the little troops of tenants and servants, with the minister, and one or two neighbors, set out for the Tower. But when they came to the tryst, they found only a heap of stones where the Tower had stood; only a shapeless mass of rubbish, which could never again shut anyone from the free winds of heaven.

"That's a queer story," said I to the shepherd.

"Eh, mon, an' ye may well say sae," he answered. "An' 'tis a fearfu' example o' the amazin' power o' the deevil."

"So it is, to be sure," said I; and just then, a text which had often puzzled me, came into my mind: "A little child shall lead them."

I told this story to a friend of mine, who is fond of seeking the hidden meanings of things, and who finds subtle analogies where no one else suspects them. He was very much interested, and would have it that the legend was no vulgar ghost story, but contained a profound spiritual truth.

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HOME EDUCATION.—One of the most important duties of the matron or mother of a family, and for which she should always arrange to have time, is the home education of children.

By this we do not mean a routine of lessons from books, but that beneficial oral instruction, those practical lessons on the duties of life, which should pervade entirely her intercourse with children.

It is thus that lessons of love, forbearance, truth, kindliness, self-denial, and generosity may be deeply impressed on the ductible mind, and the seeds of true piety and upright behavior scattered carefully over the prepared soil.

The first care should be to distinguish between the different dispositions which nature has given to children—to strengthen the weak and vacillating, soften the obdurate, encourage the timid, and repress the forward—to eradicate weeds, and sow the good seed.

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DO BIRDS POISON THEIR YOUNG?—It has been claimed by observers of birds, says a correspondment, that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them, will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity.

Last spring at a farmhouse, the children captured a nest of three young thrushes, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree.

The mother was soon about, calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days without seeming to pay much attention, to persons about.

But shortly after this came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green one morning and disappeared.

In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill full-grown cattle.

The little creatures lay dead in the cage, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.

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MARBLE MAKING.—The example furnished by nature in the production of marble from chalk by water—the latter percolating gradually and steadily through the chalky deposits, dissolving the chalk particle by particle, and crystallising it, mountain pressure affecting its characteristic solidity—it is now found may be the basis of accomplishing similar results by a resort to chemical processes.

Slices of chalk are for this purpose dipped into a color bath, staining them with tints that will imitate any kind of marble known, the same mineral stains answering this end as are employed in nature.

For instance, to produce the appearance of the well known and popular verde antique an oxide of copper application is resorted to, and in a similar manner green, pink, black, and other colorings are obtained. The slices after this are placed in another bath, where they are hardened and crystallised, coming out, to all intents and purposes, real marble.

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TRUTH, AND WHEN TO SPEAK IT.—There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately.

Speaking the truth is not always virtue; concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and communicates all he sees or hears: we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not.

He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

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SERVICE.—We all, in one way or another, serve our fellow-men; but there is a vast difference between one who does this only incidentally and one who has the conscious purpose of doing so, and who directs his life accordingly. This aim demands, not diffuseness, as may at first appear, but concentration. It does not chiefly tend to a series of desultory efforts to do one and another person good as chance may afford opportunity, but rather in a persistent effort to do the one thing for which we may be best fitted as perfectly as possible. It is a purpose which all may share, and one which can most truly unite all classes.

# Scientific and Useful.

HORSESHOES.—A process for making cast steel horseshoes has been patented in Glasgow. The steel, which is stated to have very great fluidity, is a special make.

MARBLE VENEER.—A preparation called marble veneer has been invented by a German mechanic, who claims that it is waterproof, fireproof, and will not break, shrink, peel, or crack.

ROPE.—A cork-core floating rope has been designed. The inventor claims that his floating rope of one inch in thickness will stand a strain of more than 1000 pounds. The rope consists of a core of small, round corks, about three-quarters of an inch long, placed end to end, round which is a braided network of cotton twine. This is surrounded by another layer of strong cotton twine, braided in heavy strands, which is about a quarter of an inch thick.

BOTTLES.—A wash bottle, for washing gases, has been devised recently. The bottle has no stopper, and consists of a conical flask with a gallery round the top, into which mercury, or other suitable liquid, is poured. In this rests an inverted bulb-flask, with wide neck, from which a glass tube leads away the gas; but the gas is brought into the arrangement by a tube which comes bodily through the hollow of the bulb and terminates in the conical flask below within the washing liquid.

FOR GOLD.—A new amalgam has been discovered which is a wonderful substitute for gold. It consists of ninety-four parts of copper to six parts of antimony. The copper is melted, and the antimony is then added. Once the two metals are sufficiently fused together, a little magnesium and carbonate of lime are added to increase the density of the material. The product can be drawn, wrought, and soldered just like gold, which it almost exactly resembles on being polished. Even when exposed to the action of ammoniacal salts or nitrous vapours it preserves its color. The cost of making it is about 1s. a pound avoirdupois.

# Farm and Garden.

EGGS.—According to the United States census report, the hens of this country average 100 eggs each per year. Some egg-producing contests last year showed that a hen can be induced to lay 180 in a year. There is a great deal of difference between what the hens are doing, and what they could do.

AGE.—The older an animal gets the more it costs to put on flesh, and if, as in case with hogs, beef cattle can be put into shape earlier, so as to command the highest market price a pound, cattle men will readily adopt the policy of feeding off earlier. There is often more net profit in 1000 pounds than in 1500 pounds.

ONIONS.—Onions can easily be kept good through the year. Choose the best and firmest, and hang them in nets in some room or chimney where they can be exposed to good wood-fire smoke. After three or four days of this treatment, they can be put into the ordinary store-room. The taste or flavor will not be affected, but they will be kept from going bad and from running to seed.

PLASTER.—The best time to sow plaster is early in the spring, so as to let the rains wash the plaster into the soil. It may be sown later in the season on clover, when the plants are suffering from lack of moisture. It is also excellent to use in stables and to throw on manure heaps when they are fermenting. Plaster absorbs ammonia and is then converted into sulphate of ammonia, which is a very stimulating fertilisor.

AN ELECTRIC INCUBATOR.—A German experimenter has been at work for three years on an electric incubator, in which the heat required to hatch the chickens is supplied by the electric current in a way that is now well known. The difficulty in such an application of electric heating lies in regulating the current, and consequently the temperature; but it is stated that he has devised one which maintains the temperature within one-tenth of a degree.

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LUNG COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved, and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You will find in it also a certain remedy for Coughs and Colds. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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## Personal Surroundings.

We often speak of "personal surroundings" without forming any distinct notion of what the phrase actually means, or even suspecting how much it implies. To recognize the existence of this surrounding, and to try to comprehend the part it plays in the intercourse of spirits and the interchange of ideas, is at once the duty and interest of intelligent minds endowed with the faculty of introspection and the power of scrutinizing the prejudices, the conceptions, in short, the attributes, of our individuality, though not with the grace and gift of seeing ourselves as others see us. Perhaps it may be a matter for thankfulness that this power has been withheld.

When the atmosphere of self is disturbed by great convulsions or filled with especially dense vapors, the effect produced on the mind itself is so great that the individual is unable, so to say, to live in his own world. Unless he can be lifted out of his personal surroundings, he will be blinded, stifled, and mentally paralyzed by his own morbid state.

The extreme development of this condition will probably bring its subject under the special cognizance of those around him by the ungenial bearing he presents; but, of the thousand and one lesser states of disorder and suffering to which the individual is subject, he alone is conscious.

The moods and weatherings of the mind, as many and various as the changes of temperature, of atmosphere, of electric state in the air around us, are purely personal experiences, in respect of which "every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy."

The sort of wisdom a healthy and strong mind acquires by experience is to be able to recognize the true nature of its surroundings, and to avoid the personal and social blunder of attributing to the folk and objects with which it is brought into contact hues and halos like those that seem to surround the flame of a candle when the digestion is disordered—which are in fact part of its own state.

It is not possible to throw even this cursory glance over the subject of "personal surroundings" without perceiving its great practical interest. No one who is duly impressed with the importance of recognizing and employing every means of self-improvement, even with the lowest selfish aim to personal happiness, can fail to see the value of a clear view of the facts thus briefly noticed. It follows from what has been said that every outlook must, to some extent, be tinted, if not deeply colored, and slightly refracted if not absolutely distorted, by the atmosphere of self through which it is regarded. The need of making ample allowance for this fact in any inferences which may be drawn from appearances must be obvious.

Something of self, the self of the observer, creeps into and modifies every impression received; and, inasmuch as the real nature of the object is first veiled, and perhaps distorted, by its own surroundings, the conception we form of any other person's mind or consciousness, of his real feelings or motives, must be first modified by his surroundings and then by our own. This is a consideration that suggests the greatest caution in jumping to conclusions about those we encounter in life, and should bring vividly to the mind the need of reserve in forming a judgment.

It follows again that our worst troubles, those which lie closest to, press most directly upon, our spirits, are often, if not generally, the creatures of our own little world, the elements of our "personal surroundings."

Not only are external objects modified by our medium, but the atmosphere we carry about with us, and which is part of ourselves, is filled with images and influences as real, so far as we are concerned, as the veritable objects outside; and the two get so mixed up together that the real and the imaginary cannot be distinguished.

We see phantom pictures of thought as plainly depicted in the clouds and vapors of our personal atmosphere as the images called up by the actual and palpable world without. It needs no reasoning to convince the mind that in the presence of these sources of fallacy something more than a policy of acting on first impressions, or trusting wholly to the judgment of self, is requisite to steer the consciousness safely through a course beset by perils.

By comparing our own impressions with those of other minds, and by this process only, can we ensure accuracy of conception. It follows, once more, that many of the sorrows, much of the depression, not a few of the morbid and sinister influences, to which we are all exposed, take their rise from our own natures, and have no existence outside the personal atmosphere.

The young cannot be too frequently reminded that no debased thought or corrupt pleasure is without its evil consequence. The reverie, the indulgence, passes out of memory, but it leaves a germ of corruption behind, which ferments in secret and grows silently, until, in after-years, the fruit appears, and then the unreflecting wonder whence it has sprung. It often happens that, in the delirium of fever, or in a paroxysm of mental derangement, a mind which has never been suspected of impurity betrays a seemingly intimate acquaintance with evil.

The recollections disclosed by memory are, in fact, old and forgotten photographs—if we may so describe them—of scenes and narratives which have been taken in with avidity and hidden perhaps in very shame from self. It is not necessary to suppose that these unexpected revelations indicate a hypocritical nature. They are often the sincerely repented sins of youth that make the worst, the most hateful and plaguing spectres of later years.

The buried thought, or revel, passes into a state of corruption, and it reappears in the atmosphere which surrounds self as a noxious vapor. If we could only convince ourselves that all we find in our intimate "personal surroundings" was once, if it is not still, a part of self, we should be humiliated, but better instructed in the management of that delicate but retentive apparatus, the mind, where nothing good or bad is really lost, though long mislaid and dropped out of memory.

Self-culture must consist in something more, and far deeper, than the mere acquisition of knowledge, if it is to be of real service in life. It is much to be regretted that this important fact does not as a rule dawn on the consciousness until it is too late to be, in the highest degree, useful. The best season for mental husbandry has commonly passed when the need of it begins to be recognized.

Little more can be done in this matter than to point out the necessity, and plead with those who are entering on life to adopt a course which they will hereafter find to be the only right and safe one. If a man would have his "personal surroundings" agreeable and untained by evil when the time comes to rest and bask in their sunshine, he must take care not to poison his mind with foul and corruptible materials likely to give off vapors later on.

It matters nothing whether the purpose of dwelling on evil be to revel in or to correct it; no man can touch pitch without being defiled. The corruption buried out of sight in disgust will germinate with as deadly effect as that hidden away for future enjoyment.

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The love which every child brings with it is in itself the strongest indication of the needs of the child. Love is like sunshine; without it there can be no harmonious growth or development. As well expect a fruit tree to bear delicious fruit in a cellar as expect a child to grow up into symmetrical manhood or womanhood without love. As invariably we appropriate the sunniest nook in the garden to the nursery, so must the warmest and sunniest apartments of the heart be given to the little ones. Nurtured in an atmosphere of love, their various powers expand in unconscious but incomparable beauty.

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Woman's true strength lies in her quietness. The noisy, blustering, arrogant, self-asserting of the sex make the air hot with their voices, and trouble the world with their superabundant activities. But this is not real strength—it is more generally just a sham and a show, which breaks down under the pressure of personal and private trial; while the true power of those who, as wives, influence the present, and, as mothers, mould the future, lies hidden from the public, all the more valuable because of its reserve.

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What an inexhaustible source of pleasure and profit abounds in that home wherein a tender mother dwells, and from whom may be derived the wisest maxims and rules of happy life! In such a home ought to be found the dutiful daughter and the tender and affectionate son. In that home may be acquired the beauties and knowledge of the world, without the danger of being infected by the bad example abroad.

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The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as life rose which grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading kindness of the heart.

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It was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

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It is impossible to estimate the value of tact in the household, even when exercised only by a single member, but, where all share in it and use it for the general good, there will be some of the most exquisite pleasures of home life.

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He who is always changing from object to object finishes nothing, and his life at last resembles a heap of detached stones, which, if he had but kept to one plan, might have been built into a stately and commodious abode.

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The praise and blame which hang on the lowest boughs, and may be easily plucked, are generally worthless.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Subscriber.—Write to the Central News Company for the book you want, mentioning The Post.

S. M. W.—We have never heard that the anniversary of the fortieth year of wedding had any special name or celebration.

Pomona.—A good sympathetic ink is made with a solution of acetate of cobalt, with a little nitrate added to it. It turns rose-colored by heat, and disappears again when cold.

L. S.—1. We do not know what the Echolt Home, Yorkshire, England is noted for. 2. Old Crockery can be determined as to age, maker and value, by its marks. 3. We would not care for such stories.

Sam B.—The passage to which you refer occurs in Hamlet, act 2 scene 2. Hamlet is talking with the spies that have been set upon him, and his supposed madness being referred to, he says, "I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." It is generally admitted that the word "handsaw," is a corruption of hernshaw or heronshaw. The gentleman to whom you refer was either misunderstood by you, or else he made a blunder in saying that it was originally written hensaw.

G. B.—The last royal Governor of Massachusetts, was Thomas Gage. He was born in England, and died there in April, 1787. He arrived in Boston in May, 1774, while the people of that colony were preparing for resistance to the acts of the British Government. He was instructed to seize and punish Samuel Adams and Hancock, but never even attempted their arrest. He planned the expedition to Concord, which resulted in the battle of Lexington, and established martial law throughout Massachusetts. He offered pardon to all who would return to their allegiance save Adams and Hancock. After the battle of Bunker Hill he was superseded by General Howe.

E. C. W.—Giovanni Battista Viotti, the Italian violinist, who enjoyed the highest reputation in his day, was born at Fontanetto, Piedmont, about 1755. He died in Brighton, England, March 3, 1824. He was appointed first violinist in the Royal Chapel in Turin before he had attained his majority. During the French revolution he fled to London, and was for a short period the leader of a band in a theatre. After the restoration of the Bourbons he assumed the direction of the Royal Academy of Music at Paris, but met with no success. Before this he had lost all his property in the wine business. His declining days were passed in England. He resided in Hamburg only a few years.

P. M. W.—Chloride of sodium (salt) is present in the blood in the proportion of four and a half parts per thousand; and phosphate of lime exists in the bones and other solid tissues in much greater proportion. Both these substances are also ingredients of the food. Chloride of sodium is found in muscular flesh, or lean meat, in the proportion of two parts per thousand, and we are also in the habit of adding it to the food as a condiment. Breeders of sheep, cattle, and horses always find that a liberal supply of common salt improves greatly the condition of the animals. Phosphate of lime exists in the muscular flesh of the animals, in fish, oysters, eggs, in the cereal grains, in peas, beans, potatoes, beets, turnips, and even in most of the juicy fruits.

E. B. B.—Judæa is a name variously used in ancient geography to designate the whole of Palestine or the land of the Jews, especially during the period between the Babylonish captivity and the last wars of the Jews. Palestine, after having been several times conquered by the Saracens, and retaken, from the seventh to the tenth century, and after being the scene of the wars of the Crusades, and other conflicts, was united to the Ottoman Empire by Selim I. in 1516. Babylon was, anciently, the most magnificent city in the world. Its greatness was so reduced in succeeding ages that at present the place where it stood is scarcely known to travelers. Tyre, a seaport town in Syria, on the eastern part of a peninsula, which in antiquity was the insular site of the famous city of Tyre, suffered in 1837 from a severe earthquake, and its present trade and population are inconsiderable.

H. C. C.—The distinction of being a remnant of the Tower of Babel has been claimed for three different masses:—1st, for Nimrud's Tower, at Akkerkuff; second, the Mujlibe, 950 yards east of the Euphrates and five miles above the modern town of Hillah; third, the Birs Nimrud, to the west of that river and about six miles to the south-west of Hillah—the whole situated in Babylonia. The last of these has the majority of opinions in its favor. It is an oblong structure with a total circumference of 762 yards. At the eastern side it is cloven by a deep furrow, and is not more than 50 or 60 feet in height; but on the western side it rises in a conical figure to an elevation of 198 feet. On its summit is a solid pile of brick 37 feet high and 28 feet broad, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular and divided by a large fissure, extending through a third of its height, and perforated by small square holes. These ruins stand on a prodigious mound, the whole of which is itself in ruins, channelled by the weather and strewed with fragments of black stone, sandstone, and marble. In regard to its original dimensions, ancient historians are authority for the statement that it was a square structure, built in the form of a pyramid, each side of which measured one-eighth of a mile at its base, and reaching a height of 600 feet.

## FAIR SPRING.

BY O. L. S.

Ere baffled Winter, at fair Spring's first nod,
His weakened forces northward home hath led,
While remnant drifts about our path are spread,
The crocus bursts the bondage of the sod;
And, lo! where late among the snow we trod,
The blossom sunward lifts its dainty head,
White, purple, gold, along the garden bed,
To catch the first warm glances of its god.

Thus, in some gloomy season of the heart,
When sorrow all our joy hath overspread,
And ev'ry voice seems but to make us sad,
New hopes arise ere pain can all depart;
We fling aside the discontent and dread,
And go our way with faces bright and glad.

# Only Once.

BY A. L. S.

IT IS a glorious picture, with a background of black jagged cliffs, which seem here and there to have been rent asunder for the purpose of affording a glimpse of wooded hills and granite cairns and the boundless waste of heathery moorland which stretches away to the horizon.

In front a little primitive harbor affords shelter to a few fishing smacks; here and there, at the glen's mouth, are great banks of shifting yellow sand, with clear shallow pools left by the tide between the scattered black rocks, and beyond all is the deep blue of the sea, touched now into gold and crimson and purple by the blaze of a gorgeous sunset and melting away into the paler blue of the cloudless sky, so that it is hard to tell where sea ends and sky begins.

Lancelot Allen brought his easel and his portfolio and all his artistic "traps" to the little West Country fishing village, and took up his abode here with the avowed intention of setting to work in real earnest, and obtaining during his summer holiday material enough to last him for the remainder of the year; but, amid such a wealth of loveliness, such marvellous combinations of color, he could not decide where to begin.

He finds it easier to lay under the shadow of the great cliffs and smoke his pipe and gaze out over the shining waters, or to dream away his days in some sheltered nook of the moor, than to take out his palette and try to reproduce the gorgeous beauty of either land or sea.

Now, as the color of the sky changes from blue to gold and saffron and crimson, and the blue of the water deepens into purple, he flings down his brush and, with a gesture of despair, pushes his soft artist's hat from his forehead.

"The colors with which to represent that were never mixed," he remarks ruefully. "I give it up!"

"Oh, but it is beautiful!" says his companion, her dark eyes fixed not on the blazing sunset, but on his canvas.

He looks up at her with a little laugh.

"Do you think so? I have secured one kind critic, at least. Now, if I were a portrait painter"—his blue eyes lighting up with admiration as they scan the girl's beauty—"I would send in next spring a picture that would take Burlington House by storm!"

"Burlington House?" the girl repeats, in shy soft tones, evidently not in the least comprehending his meaning.

"Yes—the Academy show, you know," he explains carelessly. "Oh, don't go yet—there's a good child! Have pity on a poor lonely beggar for a little longer! Mrs. Heales is your aunt, you say?"

"Yes, sir—my father's sister."

"Then your name is——"

"Pennant—Sallie Pennant."

The young man utters an exclamation of dissatisfaction at the unsuitableness of the name for such a girl; then he says—

"Were you christened Sarah?"

"I suppose so; they all call me 'Sallie.' You do not think it a pretty name?"—with a sudden wistful comprehension of his thought that surprises him.

"Not half pretty enough," he answers, smiling, as he leaves his campstool and sits down at her feet to gaze up into her face with laughing eyes.

"But it has a pretty meaning."

"Has it?"

"Why, Sallie, where is your Biblical knowledge?" cries Lancelot. "It means a princess. And, by Jove," he adds in a lower tone, "it is not misapplied, after all!"

"Oh, Mr. Allen!"

A bright flush spreads over her face from brow to chin, and her long lashes droop shyly before his ardent gaze, hiding her great dark eyes.

"Well," he pursues banteringly, "is that news? Has no one ever told you what a lovely little princess you are? Have you no willing slaves and subjects? What are all those blackbearded young giants lounging round the harbor thinking of?"

For an instant the eyelids are raised and a gleam of merriment flashes from under them.

"They're fishing perhaps," the girl suggests demurely; and Lancelot gives a ringing laugh.

The girl is so pretty that it is a positive pleasure to look at her he thinks; and the color in her cheeks glows and deepens visibly under the glance of his bold blue eyes.

Beauty is not rare among the West-Country women—a portrait painter might find even within the narrow confines of Tideford village any number of models well worthy of his brush—but Sallie Pennant's beauty is remarkable even here; and it does not strike him that the delicacy which is its especial charm may be the sign of physical weakness.

Her hands, small and well formed, are tanned and reddened by work and weather, but her exquisite complexion has no trace of sunburn, and the whiteness of her forehead is shown off by abundant dark hair.

Before the glow of the sunset has quite faded from the sky and the stars gleam palely out over the darkening purple of the sea, Lancelot Allen knows all the girl's simple history. She is the sole survivor of a large family, and therefore thought much of by her widowed mother and the childless aunt with whom they live.

Her brothers and sisters one by one faded quietly out of life, except the youngest boy, who was drowned with his father three years ago. Sallie's great eyes dilate and fill with tears as her low voice falters over the story.

But the smiles come back as the artist, in return, tells her something of his own life—of idle wanderings in lands even the names of which are strange to her ears, of the fascinating unconventional art-world which seems to have treated him so kindly, of the men and women who paint their own pictures, criticise the work of their friends, and share one another's triumphs and reverses with good temper and a lightheartedness of which he himself is the very embodiment.

Their long idle talk in the sunset glory is the first of many pleasant hours; and it does not occur to the young man that he is doing anything worse than spending a particularly delightful holiday and giving a good deal of enjoyment to a companion. His little "princess," as he persists in calling her, is quick and bright as well as pretty, and it is a pastime peculiarly agreeable to his nature to open her wondering eyes to a new world of undreamed-of beauty, to lend her books and show her pictures, and feed her uncultured mind and vivid imagination with poetry and art.

Though he is not a portrait painter, he makes a dozen sketches of her in various attitudes, none of them satisfactory to himself, but each perfection in her innocent eyes; and she seems to develop fresh beauty every day.

Her charm, instead of palling on his cultivated taste, increases every time he essays to portray it; and he never pauses to think that what to him is nothing more than a summer idyl, a pleasant episode, an added charm to a solitary holiday, is to her something far more serious—the making or marring of her life.

In her girlish imagination, she places him upon a pedestal, and falls down and worships him with the utter abandonment of a passionate undisciplined nature. She sees in him the embodiment of all the knights and heroes he tells her about, the living representative of all that is noble and good in the poetry he teaches her.

To her it is his pleasant voice that gives half the music to Tennyson and Browning. She pictures the Knights of the Round Table, the lover of the "princess," the hero of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," each and all as a fair young Englishman with a slight well-built figure, a happy sunburned face, smiling blue eyes, and closely-cropped yellow hair.

"Her's clean daft on the painter chap from Lunnon!" the Tideford gossips tell one another with amazement. "Her won't look at Jan Treherne arter he!"

Jan Treherne, hearing the gossip and seeing something of what gives rise to their remarks, scowls and clenches his big brawny fist in a manner that bodes ill for "the painter chap from Lunnon" who is so thoroughly enjoying his summer holiday.

Jan is a big black-bearded young man, who looks as if he could, with very slight exertion, crush the life out of the slim artist. He has been the principal friend and adviser of pretty Sallie's widowed mother, the close companion of her dead brothers, and the girl has come to be regarded as his especial property, respected accordingly by all the other young fishermen, and untroubled by their jocular rough-and-ready love-making.

Jan suffers in silence for a week or two. His suit has never been so favorably received by Sallie herself as he would have other people believe, and he hardly feels sure of his ground in criticising her actions; but, when he has called at her cottage on two successive evenings without finding her in, he can restrain his feelings no longer, and waylays her as she and Lancelot are strolling homewards together along the cliff path.

The girl's eyes are downcast. She is becoming shy of meeting Lancelot's glance, and she does not see Jan advancing until her companion breaks off in the middle of a sentence and greets him cheerily, as he is accustomed to greet every one he meets in the delightful old-fashioned spot where he has temporarily pitched his tent.

"Good evening, Treherne! Is not this grand weather? And how goes the fishing?"

Jan responds sulkily enough' and mutters that he has come to see Sallie.

Sallie's color rises in a painful blush as she looks from one man to the other, and sees the inference Lancelot draws from her old admirer's manner.

"I will bid you 'Good-bye,' then, Mr. Allen," she says hastily; "do not come out of your way."

"For fear of getting into other people's way?" asked Lancelot lightly. "But it is 'Good-bye,' princess; it is only 'Good night.' I shall see you to-morrow."

He raises his cap, nods to Jan, and turns away. And Jan frowns more than ever at the graceful deferential gesture; it adds to his fearful jealousy to see the girl treated as an equal by the strange gentleman.

"Is yon chap going to marry you, Sallie?" he asks abruptly, as they walk on side by side.

Sallie stops.

"Jan, how dare you? What right——"

"More right than hein got, then," the young man says doggedly; "and, if so be as hein fooling you, my lass, I'll break his head for him!"

Sallie's flush has disappeared, her cheeks are paler than usual, a yearning wistfulness has come into her dark eyes as they gaze out seaward. For the first time, the difference between her daily surroundings, her station in life, and the paradise into which Lancelot has led her strikes her painfully.

She has given her heart to the handsome soft-voiced stranger, and, with all his pleasant friendship, all his tender flattery and his open admiration, he has uttered never a word that points to the end about which Jan roughly inquires.

"You will be no friend of mine if you abuse Mr. Allen," she says at last, in a low tremulous tone, but very clearly. "He has done you no harm; there is not a soul in the place to whom he has not been kind; and he says he never met such delightful people as in the West Country."

"Like enough!" growls Jan, trying to read her proudly averted face, but failing to do so. "Let him find delight among folk of his own, not come meddlin' wi' our'n."

"Is that all you wanted to say to me?" says Sallie, with some spirit. "If so, I will bid you 'Good night.'"

"No," he blurts out desperately, conscious that he is not prospering as he would like—"it weren't all. Let be this painter, Sallie, and let you and me make up. I've waited these years—you were such a little maid—but now it be time to speak."

Sallie interrupts him with a cry and a deprecating hand laid suddenly upon his arm.

"No, Jan, please—not of that! I cannot marry you! I told you so before."

"But why, then, Sallie? I'll be real good to you; you shall live like a lady! Don't say 'No'—don't 'ee now! I'll look like a vule after all these years!"

Sallie glances up. The genuine feeling that makes his voice rough fills her tender heart with something like remorse.

"You will never look foolish, Jan," she says gently—"you are too big and strong and sensible; but you must give this up. I do not care for you in that way, and I will not wrong you by marrying you."

He stands still in the narrow pathway, and faces her with an expression of mingled pain and anger in his black eyes.

"Is that your last word, Sallie?"—"I hope so, Jan—on this subject."

"Mind—it's the last time of axing! 'Yes' or 'No,' lass?"

Sallie does not flinch. Though she is pale and trembling, she meets his gaze bravely; but the tears welling into her eyes do not soften the look of his.

"'No,' Jan!"

Then she puts up both slender hands to cover her face and shoulders, for Jan has turned sharply away from her with a horrible imprecation on the unconscious head of Lancelot Allen.

The next time Sallie meets the artist he asks what has become of her roses, and where she has hidden herself for the last two days. For the first time it strikes him that she has a painfully fragile look; and the impression adds gentleness to his manner.

He shows an anxiety for her well-being, provides for her comfort, and offers her numberless little attentions as he would offer to any woman in his own set, but which she, in her ignorance, receives with a beating heart and a delightful hope. What if, after all, he should stoop to love her, should raise her to his own level, should act in her behalf the King Cophetua or the Lord of Burleigh whose love stories he long since told her?

She listens more eagerly than ever to his idle talk; she tries to picture in her mind the men and women he describes to her; she notes and adopts his pronunciation of words that are habitually pronounced wrongly by all Tideford; she studies the books he gives her with an interest that is pitiful. And at last there comes a day when his blue eyes, looking searchingly into hers, light up with something more passionate than mere artistic approval.

"You are the loveliest little princess that ever was born," he declares fondly, "and I cannot imagine how on earth I shall tear myself away from you! Do you know of whom you remind me as you sit there?"

She cannot speak, so shakes her ruffled head. He has taken her bare sunburnt little hand in his and is smiling in response to her smile.

"Don't you know when Queen Guinevere 'looked so lovely?'"

"'A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips,'"

he quotes softly, and draws her to him to press his lips to hers in a long lingering caress, which banishes her last doubt and gives her a thrill of happiness.

Then she withdraws suddenly from his arms in dire confusion and flees out of sight, for a familiar voice is calling loudly and shrilly—

"Mr. Allen, sir!"

Lancelot, hearing it, turns with a laugh to meet his panting landlady, who is hurrying towards him, holding at arm's length, as though it were an infernal machine, a buff colored envelope, such as she has probably never before handled.

The young man laughs gaily at her perturbation, and at once opens the telegram, to assure the woman it's nothing more alarming than a summons to him to proceed immediately to Devonport, to join a friend of his who has his yacht there and is going to start for a cruise along the Welsh coast.

So the next time the little "princess" hears of him is when she comes in from church on the following morning, rather weary—for it is the first Sunday since Lancelot's arrival at Tideford that he has failed to put in an appearance in the little whitewashed building which the Tideford people consider quite good enough for devotional purposes, but of which he speaks very slightingly. Her mother meets her on the threshold, exclaiming at her tardy appearance, and telling her in the same breath that Mr. Allen has been in to say "Good-bye!"

"And quite vexed hein was you were not in," she explains volubly, "and waited till the half hour; but hein had to catch the train to get to the cove. Why, Sallie lass, what ails you?"

"The sun," Sallie answers faintly, entering the cottage and sinking unsteadily into the first chair; "it has turned me giddy."

"Why, so 't 'as! Just what Mr. Allen said—'Enough to roast a fellow!' he says, and laughs. Go you and rest—do'ee now—there's a good maid! You'm fairly maxed!"

"And is that all, mother?" Sallie asks, rising as though her slender limbs were too heavy for her and beginning slowly to

draw off her Sunday gloves. "Did not—— Is there no message from Mr. Allen?"

"Bless the child—yes, there's a letter—leastwise, a message he wrote; and laughed, he did, when I told him he might put what he liked, for I couldn't read it! 'I won't take advantage of you, Mrs. Pennant,' he says, in his pleasant way; 'and I'm sure Sallie has no secrets from a mother like you!' Here a be, Sallie!"

The light comes back into the girl's dark eyes and the faint color to her cheeks as her fingers close lovingly over the leaf torn from Lancelot's pocket-book and folded into a little triangle.

She goes to her bedroom and drinks the cup of milk her mother brings her before allowing herself the exquisite pleasure of opening and reading the little note. For the moment it is delight enough to hold it in her hand, to press with caressing fingers what his fingers have so lately touched.

And, after all, it is short enough—not more than half a dozen lines.

"My dear Princess—I am so sorry to leave without seeing you! Your mother will explain. I shall come back to Tideford at the first possible opportunity, and shall expect to find you well and prettier than ever. Please keep the books in memory of the many pleasant hours we have had over them. I will send you a fresh supply from town. Au revoir!

"Your grateful Friend and Subject,

"LANCELOT ALLEN."

The pretty loving little "Princess," falls asleep with tears on her long black lashes, but with a smile on the sweet lips which Lancelot kissed only yesterday. She has that kiss and his note to live upon for the present, and the assurance of his return to gild the future with delightful possibilities; and in the meantime Lancelot is speeding towards Davenport, and smiling as he recalls the scene that was interrupted by his friend's telegram.

* * * * * *

A tempestuous evening, with black threatening clouds obscuring the pale light of a young crescent moon and driving across the lowering sky in fantastic masses, sullen thundering sounds coming from the shore, where the long Atlantic rollers are dashing against the black rocks.

The gusty wind is chill and bleak—for January has set in stormy and wet; but Sallie Pennant seems to feel no cold. She stands at the open door of her mother's cottage, a slender drooping figure, her great eyes straining into the falling darkness, a bright spot of color on each of her thin cheeks.

A tall broad-shouldered fisherman in oilskins and high sea-boots comes hurrying by on his way to the beach. He sees Sallie, but passes on without any greeting; and she stretches out her hand with a little tremulous appeal.

"Jan, will you not speak to me? Are we never to be friends again?"

Jan stops, and her black eyes flash as he looks at her shrinking little figure.

"You've made your choice, Sallie Pennant; I want no fine gentleman's leavin's!"

Then he strides on remorselessly; and Sallie puts up her hands—white and wasted almost to transparency—to cover her stricken face, and commences to weep bitterly.

* * * * * *

Summer again; and the weather is as glorious as that in which Lancelot Allen revelled last year. The golden gorse is flaming as it did then amid the dark green of the springing heather on the moor; the sunlight glitters on the blue sea. Again there are everywhere the marvellous depth and wealth of color that make Tideford one of the loveliest little nooks in all the sweet West Country.

And now, as then, Lancelot Allen has a chosen companion to share in his raptures and increase his delight. He has brought his young bride, to whom he was married a fortnight ago, to see the place where he made the charming sketches she admires so much, to view with her own eyes the beauty with which his pictures have already made her familiar.

They have been wandering at their own sweet will—or rather at hers, for Lancelot is one of the most devoted and accommodating of husbands—all over the county, and mean to spend only one night at Tideford, so take up their quarters in the quaint gabled inn which stands at one end of the steep irregular street.

"No wonder you could not tear yourself away last summer," Mildred Allen exclaims delightedly, as she stands at the open window and gazes out; "it is even lovelier than you said! And this is the most charming old inn—like nothing out of a story book! Oh, Lance, look at that black bearded giant! What a picture he would make! Do you know him?"

"Which one, dear?" Lancelot asks, coming to look over her shoulder. "They are all picturesque in that costume."

In the street below a knot of sailors, all clad in scarlet caps, blue jackets, striped jerseys, and bright brown trousers, are laughing and applauding one of their number, a very tall young man, about whose face, in spite of a dark coarse beauty, there is something very repellent. His dark eyes sparkle with fierce excitement, his voice rises harshly and thickly on the clear air, and he is emphasizing his remarks with a pewter-pot held at arm's length and flourished in dangerous proximity to the heads of the laughing and jeering audience.

Lancelot recognises him, though he has changed much for the worse; but he does not know yet what it is that causes the wild light in the bloodshot eyes, or why the finest young man in the Tideford fishing-fleet has so evidently taken to drink.

There is a slight frown of contempt on his face as he puts his arm round his young wife's waist and turns her gently from the window.

"My darling, don't admire the brute! He is half drunk. I'll run down to the postoffice and ask for the letters while you put on your serge and then we'll go out and explore the place."

When, however, about half an hour later, he comes up to see if his wife is ready, he finds her still in the simple white wrapper which she wore at breakfast.

"You lazy girl!" he cries gaily. "It serves you right that there are no letters! Cannot you even change your gown without—— Why, sweetheart"—breaking off in dismay—"tears? What have you found to cry about during our honeymoon?"

Though her eyelashes are wet, she smiles and rests her head against his shoulder with a little gesture of content as he draws her toward him in tender reproach.

"Nothing you have done or left undone," she says sweetly. "But every one is not so happy as we are, Lance."

"No one!" he interrupts, with lover-like promptness, as he presses his lips to her soft golden hair.

"And I have just heard such a sad story!" she pursues, unheeding. "Mrs. Penrhyn told me—— Oh, Lance, there was a girl living here in Tideford just my age, and that man we saw was her lover! But another man—a gentleman—came to the place sketching, like you did, and he flirted with her, and made her love him, and then left her; and she was so fond of him that she fretted till she died! And now they think her mother will die also, for she has no other children. And that poor fisherman—his name is Jan Treherne—is killing himself with drink; he is really almost mad, Mrs. Penrhyn says. She was such a lovely girl, too, and gentle and refined! She was buried only yesterday. I wish"—with a little sob—for Lancelot's young wife, though she is a wealthy and stylish London young lady, has a very tender heart—"we had come here sooner—I might have been able to do something for her!"

Lancelot is speechless. Almost unconsciously he bows his head over hers and kisses her again. But his thoughts are not with her; they are with the pretty, refined, gentle girl whose heart was won and broken during a brief summer holiday, who was just Mildred's age and was buried yesterday.

"Oh, how can men be so cruel?" Mrs. Allen says indignantly. "Think of it, Lance—three lives ruined because what he did merely for amusement she accepted in real earnest! Imagine how she must have hoped and waited, thinking he was coming back to marry her—for up to the very end she insisted that he loved her! She would not hear a word against him, though her mother found out what was killing her.

"She died protesting that he would come, and left messages for him. Lance"—raising her fair ruffled head with a sudden thought—"you may know him perhaps. He was an artist; but Mrs. Penrhyn does not know his name—she has lived here only a few weeks. Oh, I hope none of your friends would be so utterly hateful, so selfish and unmanly!"

"I—I hope not, Millie!" Lancelot answers, with an effort.

Then she catches a glimpse of his face, and stands on tip-toe to kiss him.

"Why, Lance, you dear tender-hearted boy," she says lovingly, "it has made you look quite pale! Of course no friend of yours would do a thing like that, if they are in the least like you; but, oh"—with a look such as he has never before seen in her soft blue eyes—"I do hope, wherever that vain despicable creature is, his treatment of that poor girl will come home to him!"

Lancelot bows his miserable guilty head and silences her with kisses. It has "come home to him." In growing fame and prosperity, with youth and health, and while holding in his arms the woman who has gladly chosen to cast in her lot with his, he has learned that Sallie Pennant, his lovely loving "little princess," lies in the desolate little churchyard on the cliff, where neither sun nor rain can beat upon her, and where no look in a man's too-ardent eyes, no touch of a man's caressing lips, no lingering clasp of a man's treacherous hand can ever again set her still heart beating with tremulous joy or bring the blood to her pale cheeks.

He meant no harm; he only enjoyed the pleasures that came in his way—a girl's pleasant companionship, a woman's generous love and trust, as well as the warm summer weather, the lovely scenery, the sweet air, the gorgeous sunsets. With a man's careless selfish enjoyment, he has even prided himself on "getting away from the place before making a fool of himself!"

Now however it has "come home to him," and the voice that seems to tell him that he is little better than a murderer, that he has ruined three lives, refuses to be silenced by the feeble plea he brings in self-defence—

"I did not ask for her love—I hardly flirted with her at all! Why, I kissed her only once!"

He did kiss her only once; nevertheless, when he thinks of her lying dead, and of her mother who has "no other children," he arrives at a truer estimate of himself than he has ever done before; and his friends often say jestingly that his honeymoon seems to have taken all the conceit out of Lancelot Allen.

## LIFE IN ARGENTINA.

WHEN preparing to go out to this far-away land, I made many attempts to find out something of the every-day life I should lead; what society I should find; what amusements were to be got out of one's surroundings; and what opportunities of making home-life pleasant and interesting. I could get little information, for few people knew anything of Argentina, except of a country that had swallowed up much gold, and where revolutions were as common as strikes are at home.

No books seemed to have been written about life out there, and in the magazines I could find no stories or incidents, stirring or picturesque, from life in Argentina. I had to fall back on a traveler's tales of grotesque animals wandering over a hideous land.

Indeed I came to the conclusion that I was going to a country where social life was too uninteresting to be worth describing. After a year or two I have found that time has not passed so monotonously, but on the whole pleasantly, so I venture to describe something of the style in which we spend our days, for the benefit of those at home.

Of course in a country that is equal to the united area of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland and Greece, and whose population is made up of natives from all those countries and a few more, one finds every sort of life and many strange customs.

The city of Buenos Ayres, the first in South America, is a great capital full of stirring life. It is not beautiful in itself or its surroundings; the shops are good, and you can buy anything you want, if you care to pay a heavy price. English people on the whole seem to find the life pleasant and sociable; they can enjoy good theatres, operas, and balls, as well as any amount of outdoor amusements in a delightful climate.

The smaller towns are more or less provincial and unattractive, with the exception of Cordoba, one of the few old cities in the southern hemisphere. For three centuries it was the centre of learning, under the despotic rule of the Jesuits. It has many fine churches and a cathedral worth seeing, fortified and showing traces of Moorish art.

There old families lived in great houses with innumerable retainers, all the luxuries of Europe being brought (at enormous cost) in bullock carts over the leagues of grassy plains that lie between Cordoba and the ports of Rosario and Buenos Ayres. There were to be found the finest types of Argentina refinement and learning. The city itself is beautiful, a green oasis with a background of noble hills.

But I must turn to the camp and the life of the English there. Camp is the Argentina name for the country as distinguished from the town (the Spanish campo), and is the word always used by the English residents. We talk of a man buying a bit of camp, of going out to the camp; and there is no mistaking a camp man in boots and breeches, with a wide-brimmed hat, a revolver in his belt, and a riding whip in his hand.

There are two styles of camp—inside and outside. Inside consists of the district round Buenos Ayres, where the land is well populated, many railways, all centring in Buenos Ayres, making it easy to come and go, sell the products of the estancia, and bring out in return the luxuries of town.

Here you find old-established estancias with houses as well furnished and as comfortable as you can find in a country where in general comfort is little understood. Well-grown montes (as woods are called), and gardens rich in flowers, surround the houses.

Outside is a very different world. Where trenches and earthworks of the simplest form, to keep out the Indians, once stretched league upon league, with forts at short distances, from which barbarous soldiers defended the frontier, by degrees killing out the miserable Indians, there are now long lines of railway, with small wayside stations, and here and there an attempt at a town, and estancias, from small enclosures of two or three leagues, to huge estates owned by companies (one of these covers a thousand square miles).

Here, outside, all is new; the oldest house has a record of twelve years, and we look with respect on its watch-tower and loopholed walls, for Indians were still lurking round when it was built. Their former presence is still to be traced in the dark skin, straight hair, and narrow eyes often noticed in a gaucho, and also in many words used by the natives when working in the corrals amongst horses and cattle.

It is in this district that so many of the young Americans and Englishmen who arrive by every mail, full of high hopes and courage, are chiefly to be found. They are, of course, eager to make money, and for the most part capable of doing so, aided by the few (as yet very few) wives and sisters who have the courage to rough it.

The first years of a new estancia have to be years of hard toil and rough living, but when wells have been sunk and fences put up, then one can turn to building a comfortable house and laying out a garden; and though the work is still hard and constant, yet there is time for recreation and amusement.

On the whole, life is very cheerful in a land where the sun always shines, and the air is peculiarly clear and bracing. Of course there are days when a furious north wind sweeps unchecked over the great level land, bringing crowds of scorching dust, its hot breath seeming to burn up all tender vegetation, being almost as fatal to a garden as a sharp spring frost. Then again, there are cold winter days when it is impossible to get warm, and one realises only too well what a precious thing firewood is in this fuelless country.

Nothing could be more perfect than the spring and autumn weather, and it is then, when the days are long and the sun not too hot, that one can enjoy a paseo. It is difficult to find an equivalent in English for this word, as it means anything from loitering round the garden, or paying a call, to a trip to Europe.

To us a "paseo" generally means a few days' holiday, getting away from the estancia and its everyday cares and worries, leaving them all to some kindly friend, who is left in the solitary house with a bewildering number of parting injunctions about things on no account to be forgotten.

How pleasant it is to start in the cool sweet-scented dawn, when the early sunbeams are glinting over the purple alfalfa fields, the horses eager to be off in the keen air! Then come long hours on the road, until at sundown twinkling lights tell that we are near our friend's house, eager voices welcome us, and kindly hands help to unsaddle or unharness the horses.

After their simple wants (very simple in this country) are seen to, comes a cheery evening meal in the plain but snug sitting-room. Next day is spent "looking

round," inspecting the horses to see what new ones have been bought or broken in. There is always something new about an estancia, and this is the most interesting thing in camp-life, that new schemes have to be made and carried out continually. Then messages are sent out to summon the neighbors, who shortly turn up from all sides to play in or watch a game of polo.

There is a great slaughter of ducks and turkeys, and where the company includes ladies, cakes and pies are baked, and a dainty dinner served. Extra beds are easily arranged, for every house has a large supply of catris, and in cold weather every one travels with ponchos.

A catri is the simplest form of bedstead, made like a camp stool, easily folded up and put aside, and without a mattress most cool and restful on hot nights. The evening is spent, if hot, in the veranda, or indoors round the fireside, playing games, and dancing or singing where there is a piano.

The custom of visiting all the estancias in the neighborhood in this way, passing a day or two at each, answers to a round of calls, in camp the distance between neighbors being usually too great to allow of paying a visit and returning in the same day.

I have heard many amusing descriptions of going a paseo in the old times, when things were done on a larger scale than nowadays. In one house the neighbors gathered for Christmas, two tents being put up in the patio, one for ladies, the other for men.

The young fellows on their arrival would secure a catri and hide it in the monte so as to make sure of a bed, the less fortunate having to sleep on their recado (as the native saddle is called), which being made up of about half-a-dozen saddle cloths and skins, is not a bad substitute, and is indeed the true gaucho's only bed.

Polo is fast becoming the game of the immigrants of South America. Wherever there are a dozen to be found within reach (that may mean a ride of a dozen miles or more), a club is formed. No game could be more suitable to a country where all men ride and possess horses.

Sunday is the great day for polo. I know this will be much disapproved of by many of my readers, who do not realise what possibilities there are for mis-spending Sunday in camp. There are no churches of any sort, no clergymen or missionaries. Even books are limited in number, and few people possess a piano; so, when no work is going on, there is nothing to do.

Sunday is always a holiday; the peones pass it visiting friends, sucking mate, and talking by the hour; or at the pulperias (camp-stores), where often on Sundays races take place, and raffles are got up, and the poor peon is cheated out of his money and encouraged to get drunk on cana, the native drink, made from sugar-cane.

With nothing to do on the estancia, it is natural enough for a young fellow to ride over to the pulperia, just to see what is going on; once there, it is not easy for him to avoid the cana and the betting, and even the fighting that often follows up.

## PARROTS I HAVE KNOWN.

The first parrot whom it was my privilege to know resided in the house where I was born. He was an extremely handsome bird, and his plumage was always in beautiful condition. He was, moreover, blessed with an exceedingly good temper.

It is true that tradition said that in his early days he had been addicted to swearing—a bad habit picked up during his voyage to this country from his sailor companions—but words of such a character had happily quite faded from his memory by the time when I first made his acquaintance.

By that time, indeed, he had got so far as to occasionally become pious, so pious that he had to be removed from the room at the time of family prayers, as he was prone to exclaim "Let us pray" at importunate moments, and would occasionally even repeat about half of the Lord's Prayer.

The indignity of banishment from the dining-room to the hall on such occasions weighed heavily upon him; he resorted to a mean revenge, which proved so successful that he must often have chuckled over it to himself. One night, in the middle of the evening devotions, the sound of the street door latch being unfastened, caused the hasty exit, amid general alarm, of the family.

No one was at the door, but some nights later the alarm was repeated; it became common at prayer time, and it was not until some time afterwards discovered that the prayerful exile had endeavored by this very successful ruse to draw attention to the indignity of his position.

Parrots are not above availing themselves of artificial means, when they think it necessary, for the proper reproduction of a particular voice or sound. For instance, in order to obtain the resonance of tone required for the successful imitation of the deep voice possessed by the master of the house, this particular bird would invariably put his head into his empty or half-empty seed-tin, a method of voice production he was never known to adopt at any other time, or for the imitation of any other voice or sound. He thus succeeded in producing a very perfect imitation, and his orders (always most peremptorily proclaimed) were occasionally mistaken for those of his master.

On one occasion a friend had arrived unexpectedly from the country, when the family were out of town; only the master of the house was at home, and he was also going away the very evening his friend arrived. The visitor was, however, asked to remain for the night, an offer which he accepted.

The following morning, to the disgust of the servant who was engaged in her work, he appeared early upon the scene, inquiring for her master.

"Master went away last night," she answered.

"Impossible! Why, I heard him call for his hot water and boots this morning," cried the astonished guest.

"Oh, sir, that was the parrot," answered the servant.

This bird lived with us for about thirteen years, and his death was caused by a cold. He had accompanied us for a summer holiday to a cottage in Surrey, and one day was unwisely hung up in a draught between a door and a window.

The cold ended in inflammation of the lungs, and after lingering for nearly a week, he died; his last words—addressed to his mistress—were, "Kiss me, Emily." Much grief, I need hardly say, was felt for his loss; he was carried to his grave wrapped in a little flannel gown, and carefully buried under an evergreen at the end of the lawn.

Our second bird had belonged to my grandmother, and after her death spent the last two or three years of its life with us. Our first pet had lived at my grandmother's house for a few weeks before it finally came to ours, and she had grown so attached to it that, when it left her, she purchased a bird of her own.

This bird was gray in color, with a red tail; but while Polly the first was the proud owner of beautiful plumage, Polly the second had acquired the bad habit of picking out his feathers, and the consequent loss of his waistcoat gave him a very shabby appearance.

Of course the dealer who sold him declared that this was but a passing disfigurement, and that all would soon be right; so he came on approval, and soon became so great a favorite that he remained permanently, though to his dying day his appearance never improved.

Curiously enough, this parrot at no time ever suffered, as might have been expected, from lung disease; like the other, he was a clever talker, but his temper was not of so amiable a character—possibly his want of feathers irritated him—but some of his utterances were much on a par with, and as equally to the point as those of his predecessor.

The habit, so noticeable in birds of every description, of remarking the flight of time, was in this one very remarkable. At six o'clock in the evening, as soon as the clock struck, his usual habit was to exclaim:

"Put me to bed;" and if no notice was taken of his request, he uttered unpleasant screams, and on being told to be quiet, would reply, "Why don't you put me to bed?" The cover having been placed over his cage, he would immediately exclaim, "Now put little Dicky to bed."

Little Dicky was a canary who lived in a cage which hung above his own. On one occasion, when placed one summer's day at the open window of his home, he much offended an old lady who was passing, by calling out loudly, "Who are you, you old guy?" She knocked at the door and scolded the servant, insisting that some one had deliberately insulted her.

The parrot had on one morning been given a bath, or, in other words, the garden watering can had been turned upon him, and was placed in front of the fire to dry. There were two small kittens who also liked the warmth of the fire, and who were sitting on each side of the cage.

The bird walked first to one side, and looking down out of the corner of his eye, inquired, "Are you a good boy?" Then he sidled across to the other end of his perch and said to the other kitten, "And are you a good boy?"

One day two children of our family visited the house, and when alone amused themselves by mischievously pulling up some tulips, which grew in a pot in the room, by the roots, afterwards carefully replacing them. A little later, Polly's master, to whom the plants belonged, came into the room, and immediately exclaimed:

"Oh, look at my tulips; see how they are growing."

Polly at once uttered two words, and only two—the reader will forgive their rudeness, they were so much to the point; they were:

"You ass!"

I need hardly say that some time elapsed before the owner of the tulips was made acquainted with all the particulars of what had happened.

THE BRAIN OF GREAT MEN.—It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but, according to a writer in the new number of the Journal of Science, the theory which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest is not borne out by facts.

An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters.

A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, recedes dreadfully.

Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici.

Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus, among many others, are mentioned as instances.

Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy;" Sir Thomas Browne and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the friese from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows."

Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.

BENEVOLENCE.—There are now so many valuable organisations where the benevolent impulse is embodied in forms of that reasonable help which induces men to help themselves that abundant channels are open for all the aid of any kind that private individuals have in their power to bestow.

None may need plead the want of opportunity or the fear of doing harm through the exercise of their sympathies. Mr. A. G. Warner lately said:

"In the complex conditions of modern life, self-sacrifice must manifest itself and do its work through modern machinery. It must take into its service all the implements of scientific research, and school itself to be wise as well as sympathetic. With the same care and for the same reasons that it would give shelter to neglected and abandoned children, it must see to it that it does not encourage parents to neglect and abandon their children; with the same care and for the same reasons that it would feed a hungry man, it must see to it that man works for what he gets; with the same care and for the same reasons that it assists a woman who has been abused by her husband, it, must, if possible, punish the man who has abused her."

THE largest trunk of an African elephant on record is said to be the one mentioned by Gordon Cumming. The length is given at 20 feet and 9 inches and the weight 178 pounds.

## At Home and Abroad.

In the case of a schoolboy in Rowley, Mass., who had been suspended for having refused to "peach" upon a comrade guilty of some breach of discipline, the Supreme Court of that State has decided that the suspended youth has a good case of damages against the school authorities. But there is, of course, a limit to the principle thus indicated. If the breach of discipline had been also a breach of public law the "chum" plea would not have been held to justify this schoolboy in keeping his mouth shut. None the less, the boy would have deserved admiration for his stout maintenance of the chiefest virtue of comradeship.

The first wedding of Celestials after the American fashion that ever occurred in Chinatown, San Francisco, was celebrated a few days ago. The bridegroom was Fong You, a wealthy merchant, and the bride was Soon Fong. The only Oriental feature of the wedding was the costumes of the principals and many of the guests. The groom followed a fashion not strange to Caucasian brides, but decidedly unfashionable with Caucasian grooms, namely, wearing a coat and a pair of trousers that had figured in several such functions among his ancestors. The bride was gorgeous in brocade silk and gold embroidery. The wedding was in the groom's house, and every detail of the ceremony was after the most ultra-fashionable American style.

It is proposed in Utah to organize, in cooperation with neighboring States, an "Arid Region Exposition," to be held successively in the principle cities of the East, for the purpose of showing the products and resources of the arid region, and of trying to dispel the notion that still exists in some quarters that the country between the Rockies and the Sierras is a hopeless desert, given up to sage brush and coyotes. Specimens of products from the fields and orchards would be shown, with samples of the mineral treasures of the region. The exhibit would be displayed in chief cities first, and then divided up for exhibition in the smaller cities and throughout the Eastern States.

The X rays have been used in the Vienna Museum of Natural History to determine the contents of a very rich mummy case. It is such a beautiful case that the museum did not wish to break it open. The X rays, however, soon cleared up the mystery. There has been some misgivings as to whether it might not prove to be a sacred ibis case after all; and the faithful penetrator showed the outlines, indeed, of a large bird which no one need ever wish to disturb. If only some living mummy riddles could be read with equal clearness! The world might then learn whether a bird of prey or the genuine homo sapiens was concealed under the semblance and outer case of a woman or a man.

The many failures of new ships in the British Navy have excited considerable comment in the English press. A recent case was that of the cruiser Forte, which started on a voyage from Sheerness to the Mediterranean, but was compelled to put into Portsmouth for repairs. One wave had deluged the forecastle deck, unshipped the forward gun and disabled a heavy capstan used for lifting the anchor. A hatchway was also torn away, and the water poured into the vessel in such volume as to wash the captain and several men who were on the lower deck off their feet. Now what is puzzling the British writers is why a lightly-laden and comparatively vessel like the Forte should receive so much damage in a winter gale met while passing through the Downs, while the cheaply-constructed and heavily-laden tramps stand a much more heavy pounding, not only in the Channel, but in the more open waters of the Bay of Biscay.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

# Our Young Folks.

## FOR A LAUGH.

BY A. K

THERE was once a king who was afflicted with a very strange misfortune—he did not know how to laugh.

When he was a boy his father, the former king, had consulted physicians of every country, but none of them could think of a way to cure the prince.

Now, this was a very unfortunate thing for the people of Far-away Land, for when the prince became king he made a law that no one should laugh in his kingdom until he did so himself and that anyone found laughing in Far-away Land should be guilty of high treason, and should be instantly executed.

The people of Far-away Land soon became very miserable, for it is a very dreadful thing never to laugh. Many pined away with melancholy, while hundreds died of suffocation from suppressed laughter, so that the learned men of the kingdom told the king that unless something was done he would soon have no people left to rule over.

"But what am I to do?" said his Majesty.

His councillors shook their heads sorrowfully.

"Perhaps your Majesty will try to learn," said the Lord Chief Justice.

His Majesty graciously replied that he was willing to learn if anyone could teach him.

After that every morning at nine o'clock King Serious sat down in his study and received a lesson on the way to laugh from the Lord Chief Justice.

"This is the way, your Majesty," said the latter. "You open your month—so; you give yourself a shake—so; and then you go—ha! ha! ha! Now, your Majesty, follow me."

King Serious looked at the Lord Chief Justice, and opened his mother, then he shook his body, and said, "Ha! ha! ha!" But it sounded like the cawing of a crow with a sore throat, because, although his Majesty said "Ha! ha! ha!" he did not laugh "Ha! ha! ha!" and that makes all the difference.

The Lord Chief Justice shook his head sadly.

"I am afraid we must try again, your Majesty. Let us try 'He! he! he!' this time."

The king again opened his mouth, and said "He! he! he!" but still he did not laugh. They tried all down the scale from "Ha! ha! ha!" to "Ho! ho! ho!" but it was in vain.

The Lord Chief Justice was in despair. The people were dying by hundred from melancholy and suffocation, and his Majesty's Privy Councillors were at their wits' end. At last they sent a herald into all the towns of Far-away Land to proclaim the following:

"This is to inform the people of Far-away Land that his Most Gracious Majesty King Serious, being afflicted by a terrible malady which deprives him of the power of laughter, does hereby proclaim that whosoever can cure his Majesty of the aforesaid malady shall receive the hand of his Majesty's only daughter, Princess Beautiful, and on the death of his Majesty shall become king of Far-away Land. Therefore, whosoever wishes to undertake this cure is commanded to appear at the King's Palace of Justice not later than noon on Monday next."

There was tremendous excitement in Far-away Land when this proclamation was made known. Everybody conjured up visions of winning the prize, marrying Princess Beautiful, and ruling the land when King Serious died.

Workmen laid down their tools, clerk left their offices, boys played truant from school, and schoolmasters left the schools to take care of themselves. From the end of Far-away Land to the other the people only had one idea—and that was to make a joke.

When they met each other in the street, instead of saying "Good morning," or "How do you do?" they would say, "Does your mother know you're out?" or "Why does a miller wear a white hat?"

At last the day arrived when the king was to receive the competitors. Everybody who had made a new joke, or who had found the old one, started off to the King's Court of Justice.

Meanwhile the Lord Chief Justice and all the king's Privy Councillors sat in the High Court of Justice anxiously waiting for the clock to strike twelve.

In the middle of the Court were two thrones, sparkling with gems, which were reserved for the king and Princess Beautiful.

At last there was a burst of trumpets, and King Serious and Princess Beautiful entered the hall attended by a regiment of soldiers.

His Majesty looked in a bad humor as the people bowed right and left, and as he sat down on the throne he gave a grunt, which made everyone's heart go down into his boots.

The Lord Chief Justice held in his hand a white wand to direct who should speak. When the king was seated he pointed it at a young prince dressed in shining armor. The young man swaggered up to the platform and bowed to the king and Princess Beautiful, who he felt quite sure was to be his future bride.

"Most Gracious Majesty," he said, "why is a cobbler like a king?"

"I give it up," said the king.

"Because, sire, his nose is above his chin."

Everybody strained his neck to see if the king would laugh, but not a smile broke on his Majesty's face. Then the prince stepped down from the platform, looking very red and angry.

"A cat would have laughed at that joke," he said to himself; but then, you see, the king wasn't a cat, and that makes all the difference.

The Lord Chief Justice then pointed to a very old man, who stood rubbing his hands together with excitement. He tottered up to the platform, and said in a very squeaky voice—

"Please, your Majesty, where was Moses when the light went out?"

"Give it up," said the king.

"In the dark, your Majesty."

"Was he, indeed?" said the king, rather surprised.

"Yes, your Majesty—very funny, isn't it? He! he! he!"

"How dare you laugh in my presence?" shouted the king. "Silence, sir, if you value your head."

The old man tumbled off the platform with fright, and remained there for the rest of the day.

The next person to come up was a jester. He jumped merrily on to the platform, shaking his cap and bells, and danced before the king. "Why does a puppy dog wag his tail?"

The king shook his head.

"Because the tail doesn't wag it."

One of the councillors, who was younger than the rest, giggled, but when the king frowned angrily at the young courtier he changed it into a cough.

All day long, and day after day, old men and young men, peasant and prince, stepped on to the platform and fired off their jokes at the king, but still his Majesty did not laugh.

Indeed, each joke seemed to make the king grow more melancholy than ever, and he got visibly thinner every day. Many people now returned to their homes, for they despaired of ever making the king laugh, and on the seventh day there only remained one more person who wished to try his chance.

This was an old man who led a tame bear by a chain. He had very long white hair, and two fierce little red eyes flashed out from a pair of bushy eyebrows. Indeed, he looked such a very extraordinary old man that many people whispered to each other that he was a wizard or a magician.

"If your Majesty will permit me," he said, "I will not only make you laugh, but I will make you dance."

"You speak bravely," said the king; "but thus I promise—If you do not what you say, your head shall pay the forfeit of your boasting."

The old man smiled. Then, taking a whistle from his pocket, he began to play a tune on it, softly and slowly at first, and then getting faster and louder.

The tame bear stood up on its hind legs and began to dance, and while it danced it sang.

When the bear began to sing, the king's face relaxed into a smile, then he began to laugh louder and louder, and when the bear sang the last words his Majesty jumped off the throne, and seizing the Lord High Chancellor round the waist he waltzed round the platform.

There now followed a scene of great excitement. When the bear ended his song everybody seized his neighbor and began to dance.

The old man played faster and faster, and the faster he played the faster the people danced and the louder they laughed. There was only one who did not join in the dance, and that was Princess Beautiful.

Sat on the throne weeping silently for she saw that the king and the people were bewitched. As she sat watching the mad dance she felt something pull at her dress, and looking down she saw the bear. Princess Beautiful started up in terror, but the bear said softly, "Beauteous lady, have pity on me. I was once a prince, but I have been changed into this form by a magician. Help me, I pray you."

When the music ceased the king and his councillors and all the people fell to the ground exhausted. The old man laughed wickedly.

"Your Majesty had learned to laugh," he said. "I claim your daughter for my bride."

"I have promised," said the king, panting, "and I will keep my promise."

"Pardon me, sire," said Princess Beautiful. "You promised that I should marry whosoever made you laugh. Therefore I must be the bride of the bear, and not of the old man, for it was the bear who made you laugh."

As she said those words there was a loud report, and the court was filled with smoke. When it had cleared away the old man had disappeared, and in the place of the bear stood a young prince in a suit of bright armor.

"Fair lady," he said, bowing low, and taking the Princess by the hand, "thou hast saved my life. Until a beautiful lady was willing to wed me I was doomed to live in the form of a bear, but now the magician who enchanted me has no more power over me."

And now this story comes to an end. The young prince married Princess Beautiful, King Serious became the merriest monarch on earth, and in Far-away Land there was nothing to be heard but laughing and joking, for they had not been able to laugh for such a long time that when they once began they could not leave off.

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WHY PEOPLE BLUSH.—A medical journal, among other causes of blushing, gives prominence "to the wearing of too thick underclothing and especially of too thick socks."

The writer adds that long-sleeved woollen socks or Jerseys are often a cause of blushing, and, in fact, warm clothing in general.

He does not fail to remark that the blusher must choose in this matter between the risk of rheumatism and the annoyance of blushing. As collateral evidence in support of his views he says:

"An aunt of mine had habitually a red nose from this cause alone, which disappeared when she took to thinner stockings."

Regarding the matter from a local standpoint, the writer says:

"The best plan for an habitual blusher is to laugh and be very gushing, as, for instance on meeting an acquaintance in the street, when he colors up; and he will feel more at his ease than if he looks sheepish and reserved."

An obvious cause for blushing is oversensitiveness and self-consciousness, which will wear away as the person becomes used to society and strengthens his character by adopting wise principles of thought and action.

The physiological explanation of blushing given by the writer just quoted is that it is due to paralysis of the sympathetic circles of nerves surrounding the arteries, which, not contracting properly, allow a freer flow of blood to the surface.

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EGBS. There was only one passenger on board a certain sailing-vessel, who took his meals in the after-cabin with the captain and the mate, and who always suspected that those two worthies defrauded him of his due share of the eatables when they got the chance.

One day a jam rolypoly-pudding appeared at dinner, just enough for three; and the passenger, who had a sweet tooth, was instantly on the alert to see that he got his fair and proper third.

"Mr. X., do you like pudding-ends, sir?" the captain asked, with his knife poised in air ready to cut the delicacy.

"No, I do not like ends, sir," replied the passenger, who considered that he had as much right to the middle slice as any one else.

"Ah, well, then, me and my mate does!" was the gallant captain's observation, as he cut the pudding in two and deposited half on the mate's plate and half on his own.

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THE ordinary folding fan is supposed to have been invented in the seventh century in Japan by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way in which the bat closes its wings.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Only four American vessels passed through the Suez Canal last year.

A foot of newly-fallen snow makes only an inch of water when melted.

According to careful research there are 51 Anarchist papers published in Europe and America.

A street waterer in Calcutta, who sprinkles the streets from a water-skin carried on his shoulders, is paid six cents a day.

The statement that the Gospel is preached in 80 different languages in the United States shows what a polyglot people we are.

The Dakota river, with an estimated length of six hundred miles, is believed by many to be the longest unnavigable stream in the world.

In Bloomington, Ill., a man stole a red hot stove from a house, raked out the fire in the front yard and carted away the stove to sell it for old iron.

The city of Sydney, Australia, has imposed a fine of $5 upon any person convicted of spitting upon the floor of public buildings or upon the street.

The eight European universities which have the largest number of students are Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Moscow, Budapest, Munich and Athens.

Statistics issued by the Department of Agriculture show that the horses of this country have decreased during the past year 4.8 per cent. in number and 13.5 per cent. in value.

The "recess" committee of a Christian Endeavor Society in a South Carolina school has for its project the "prevention of quarreling and disorder on the playground during recess."

The art of advertising has reached such an acute stage in France that the name of a medical specialist appears on the curtain of a theatre, together with the hours and address at which he can be seen.

The spider produces silk of a fair quality, but the difficulty of rearing spiders and the small quantity of product from each insect has caused the abandonment of all efforts to produce spider silk.

Two fish wardens at Bath, Me., recently escaped a serious accident. Some of the illicit fishermen had spread a sheet over a hole in the ice and covered it with snow. The wardens very nearly walked into the trap.

In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep.

Russia already ranks sixth among the wine producing countries of the world, and will probably soon surpass Germany in this respect. In the province of Bessarabia alone there are 216,000 acres under vines, or nearly half the arable land.

Australia has found it impossible to abate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone 7,000,000 acres of land have been abandoned and £1,000,000 spent. The only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this, 15,000 miles have been used.

A novel prosecution took place in Adelaide lately, when a bootmaker was fined a guinea and costs for encouraging a constable in idleness. The bootmaker was found in his shop playing draughts with the constable, who ought to have been on active duty at the time.

The Irish peat rugs, which made their first appearance in London quite recently, are gaining approval in many quarters. Not only rugs, but dresses and men's suits can be made out of this peat, which is nothing more nor less than Irish bog mixed with a little jute.

A Chinese doctor is employed by families by the year at a rate, according to their means and his reputation, of from one cent to five cents a day as long as every member of the family is well. When one falls ill the doctor's pay stops until health is fully restored.

The royal horses will be like visions of fairyland at the coronation of the Czar. They will be geared in crimson morocco harness, with gilt ornaments; crimson silk reins interwoven with gold and crimson nets for the manes, and great crests of ostrich feathers for the heads.

In August, 1886, five boys in Elizabeth, N. J., found an old stocking containing $775 in cash. As one claimed it all, the courts had to be called on to decide the ownership. The question at issue seemed simple enough, but it took nearly ten years to settle it, and not until the other day was the money divided among the five. They are now young men.

At one of the uptown hotels in New York the landlord has taken a decided stand against the obnoxious "tipping" system. On the first of the month the wages of the waiters were advanced 40 per cent., the object being to abolish, if possible, the system of tipping waiters, so detrimental alike to patrons and management. Notice of the increase, with an explanation of the object, has been printed on the back of the menu cards.

### THE FIRST VIOLET.

BY W. W. LONG.

In the dell this morn I found it,
Down beside the lapwing's nest,
Spring's first blue-eyed violet,
Lying now on her white breast,

Let it lie and let it die there,
On the snow of her white breast,
Where love told its one fond secret,
Where love found its perfect rest.

### ABOUT INVENTIONS.

The Connecticut Yankee still preserves his preeminence as an inventor. For the last few years more patents in proportion to population have been issued to Connecticut than to any other State. At present one man in every 993 inhabitants of Connecticut is an inventor.

It is a remarkable fact that 5,479 patents have been issued for devices used in wearing apparel. Many of them relate to the method of cutting and fitting, while others are concerned with peculiar devices employed to strengthen the material in certain parts of the garment.

Strange to say, the District of Columbia contains a remarkable number of inventors, one to every 1,379 of the population. This state of affairs may possibly be explained on the supposition that many inventors make a temporary home in the District for the purpose of forwarding the interests of their devices.

According to the Patent Office reports, there are 5,014 different kinds of patented beds and lounges on which "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," may be courted.

The care of live stock has received close attention at the hands of the American inventor, 3,989 appliances having been devised for the comfort and convenience of domestic animals.

The natives of Germany come next in order to those of England in the matter of taking out patents in this country. The number of patents issued to subjects of the Kaiser is 582.

Massachusetts stands next to Connecticut in the number of its inventors in proportion to population. In the Bay State one man in every 1,335 of the population patents something every year.

That music hath charms to soothe the savage breast of the inventor is demonstrated by the fact that he has taken out 3,923 patents on musical instruments, or the various parts thereof.

The bees of America have no reason to complain of neglect, there being 998 hives in which the busy bee, that, according to the poet, improves each shining hour, may store up its honey.

The butcher has 978 patents which may be employed or not, as he chooses, in his business. Most of them are devices used in the large pork packing establishments.

The manufacture of India rubber is protected by 1,804 patents.

The young American idea is taught to shoot by means of 793 patents issued upon as many educational appliances. The old-fashioned birch ruler or section of rubber hose used in education is not protected by a patent and may be employed by any pedagogue.

More patents have been issued from our Patent Office to British subjects than to the natives of any other foreign country, the number being 689.

Since the invention of the first harvester this implement has been constantly improved, there being no less than 10,155 patents upon it or its parts.

Window shades have received extensive attention at the hands of the inventor, there being 2,435 patents upon them and the devices to keep them in place.

The American farmer will probably be surprised to learn that there are 10,123 different models of ploughs in the Patent Office, on all of which patents have been issued.

The greatest number of patents issued in any one line has been for devices employed in carriages, wagons and other vehicles. The total number of patents in this line is 20,096.

The ordinary reader will probably be surprised to learn that 1,137 patents have been taken out either on different kinds of alcohol or on different devices for its manufacture.

The new woman may choose any one of 1,506 different kinds of crinoline and corsets, all of which have been patented.

The painter of this country is aided by 2,043 patents, covering his paints, brushes and other materials and appliances.

The granger of America need be at no loss for a harrow, 4,691 patents having been issued on these aids to agricultural toil.

On stoves and furnaces 18,340 patents have been issued covering every part of these indispensable articles of comfort.

The manufacture of charcoal and coke is encouraged by the issuance of 178 patents on the processes or machinery employed.

The Patent Office has issued 3,075 patents for inventions, contrivances and discoveries in telegraphy. The fisherman has at his command 2,667 patented devices for attracting or capturing the finny tribe.

According to the reports of the Patent Office there are 4,389 different varieties of patented chairs. The number of patent medicines is not so great as might be supposed, there being only 1,332 in the reports.

Harness making has received the earnest attention of the inventor, there being 7,400 patents in this line. The erection of fireproof buildings is encouraged by 455 patents, taken out for materials or methods.

Kitchenware, exclusive of stoves and ranges, is protected by 1,747 patents. Patent needles and pins are made to the number of 176 different varieties. The manufacture of sugar and salt is carried on by the aid of 2,401 inventions.

The necessity of preparing tobacco for the consumer has developed 2,274 patents. There are 3,307 patents for machinery or processes employed in paper making. The farrier is aided in his work by the inventor to the number of 1,234 patents.

The implements and materials used in buildings are protected by 7,792 patents. Trunks, valises and baggage contrivances generally are protected by 1,333 patents. There are 636 patented fuel or methods of preparing wood, coal and coke for use.

Over 16,000 patents have been issued for the various kinds of electrical appliances. The are 1,771 patents on the mechanism employed in sinking of artesian or oil wells. Railways and railway appliances are represented in the Patent Office by 8,334 models. The miller of this country is aided in his toil by 9,720 devices, all covered by patents.

## Grains of Gold.

That is not good language which all do not understand.

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

Sorrow is Mount Sinai, if one will but go up and talk with God face to face.

The difference between obstinacy and firmness is in the difference of viewing it from the outside or inside.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it.

The juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and in another sense in the conclusion.

It is not error that opposes so much the progress of truth; it is indolence, obstinacy, the spirit of routine, everything that favors inaction.

No cool disapproval however stern, no inflicted penalty however severe, has the same effect that a surprised and pained feeling usually exerts when sincerely felt and frankly expressed.

## Femininities.

The old-fashioned gavotte and redowa are again fashionable dances in Paris.

It is a pity that marriage is the only remedy that has so far been invented for curing a love affair.

Mrs. Scrapleigh, during the fight: Now, have I made myself plain? Mr. Scrapleigh: No; you were born that way.

Queen Victoria is rarely photographed standing on account of her short height. When sitting she gives the impression of a fairly tall woman.

Extract from catalogue of leading library: "In the novels and stories marked with an asterisk the happy couples get married at the finish."

"Father, mother wants you to come home." "Go away. Don't bother me." "But, father, she was asking what had become of the kitchen poker." "All right. I'm coming."

Maude: What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel: Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. Maude: Yes? Ethel: Kate told her.

Wife: Why can't you sleep? Husband: How can I sleep when you are hearing burglars every half hour? Wife: Well, I declare, I'd like to know who would hear them if I didn't.

A female school teacher aged 27, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., eloped with a 16-year-old boy the other day, but the boy's ma followed them and took her son away from the new woman.

Agitated young bridegroom, immediately after the ceremony: Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss? Self-possessed bride, it being her third experience: It is my usual custom, William.

The kindergarten at the White House has for its pupils the grandchildren of Chief Justice Fuller, the little daughter of General and Mrs. Draper, the children of Private Secretary and Mrs. Thurber, besides the little Clevelands.

Missionary, disconsolately: If the favorite wife of the chief could be converted, all would then be easy. But she says she can find nothing attractive in Christian civilization. Missionary's wife, after reflection: Show her some fashion-plates.

"I see," said Mrs. Fogg, "that nervous disorders are caused by the piano." "And does the paper say that the principal sufferers are not the persons who do the playing?" replied Fogg. "Probably not; however, what is the use of saying what everybody knows?"

A Philadelphia girl got well ahead of a gallant youth in Paris. She was seated in the park when the youth approached, bowing and scraping, with his hat in hand. She quickly dropped two pennies in his hat and went on taking in the sights, all oblivious to his French swearing.

Wife, angrily: Yes—I gave you a sample button to get me half a dozen just like it. It was the only one I had, and you go and lost it. I don't know what would become of you if I were so careless with my household affairs as you are! Where did she put the button when I gave it to you, I should like to know? Husband, meekly: I must have put it in this pocket with the hole in it I have been asking you to mend for over a month!

It appears that in Japan one factor entering into the problem of the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silk worms. The thread spun by the silkworm is said to be regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother in law carefully and minutely examines the evenness of the silk thread in the material of the garments worn by the young lady before giving her assent to the betrothal.

A novel toilet appliance that has lately been introduced is a shower-bath ring which allows the bather to stand up and take a rinse from shoulders downwards, without wetting the head. It is simply a ring of metal, perforated to let a spray out all round in a centreward direction, and is fed with water by a flexible pipe that has a T-piece at the other end, which is in turn attached to the hot and cold taps. The ring is placed over the head and rests on the shoulders, and the hot-cold having been adjusted to get the right temperature, the quantity of the spray is easily regulated by a third tap.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart woman; "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated in a Western city by a social leader upon another. They were rivals, and hated each other accordingly. Every chance that either got to have a dig at the other was eagerly seized. But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. A. She sent out cards for a grand entertainment, and then took pains to find out what Mrs. B., her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous brocaded satin was the material of Mrs. B.'s gown, it was ascertained. According Mrs. A., whose husband was in the dry-goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff, and draped the walls of all her lower rooms with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. B., on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered her carriage, and drove away in tears."

## Masculinities.

No man ever fell in love when he was busy.

Judge Parker, of Arkansas, has sentenced more than 150 murderers.

The only advantage of getting old is that you don't have to wait until the second table.

Man wasn't made to mourn; woman was made to mourn, and man to swear and find fault.

Rain-In-The-Face, who was the leader in the Custer massacre, is now a policeman at the Standing Rock Agency.

A plumber in Bremen or Hamburg, by hard labor and in a favorable season, can make no more than $6 40 a week.

Brewers in England receive $6 85 a week; in Germany they are paid $5; in Holland, $6; in New South Wales they receive $23.

The gifts to colleges, churches, libraries and public charities in this country last year amounted to $28,943,549, against $19,907,116 in 1894.

General Gomez, the Cuban patriot, is slender in build, weighing but 140 pounds, and standing five feet seven inches in height. He is 60 years old.

Lole Fuller says that the dress she wears in her latest dance is twenty feet long, one hundred yards around the skirt and contains 500 yards of material.

In severe paroxysms of coughing, from whatever cause, says an Indian medical paper, a tablespoonful of glycerine in hot milk or rum will give speedy relief.

Benjamin Liverman, who died in Minneapolis recently at the age of 95, claimed to be the first commercial traveler to go on the road in this country. He traveled for a jewelry house.

Joel Lyman, of Burtonville, Ky., is six feet four inches tall and weighs 384 pounds, and he has a son and a daughter each exactly as tall as himself, though by no means so heavy.

A man who has been sick at home a week says that the first day his wife said: "Darling, don't sit in that draught," but now she says: "Haven't you any better sense than to sit in that draught?"

Manager of Crematorium: Madam, we have both the English and Italian system; which would you prefer for the late lamented? Widow: Oh, the English, of course. My poor husband always hated Italian cooking.

It has leaked out that Bismarck has for forty years been paying 900 marks a year out of his own pocket to three soldiers who lost their eyesight at Koeniggraetz. The total amount which he has so far paid out is more than $6000.

The Emperor of Austria dislikes German cooking and cares only for French cuisine. When his relatives of the House of Tuscany visit him, to please their tastes, he has Italian dishes served. On certain occasions the Empress, who is a Bavarian, orders German dishes.

He: I have to take you in to dinner, you know, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know! Our hostess tells me you're awfully clever, you know. She, highly amused: How absurd! I'm not a bit clever. He, with a sigh of relief: Well, do you know, I thought you weren't, you know.

An English expert points out that if England were to put all her battleships in commission it would absorb 40,000 of the 51,000 petty officers and seamen of the navy, leaving but 11,000 to man the 300 and more remaining vessels of all classes in the navy. This would leave 200 vessels unmanned.

George Maledon, of Fort Smith, Ark., is the champion hangman of the country. For 20 years he has been the official executioner of the United States Court there, and during that time he has executed 88 men. Nearly all the criminals hanged by Maledon were desperadoes from the Indian Territory. He has retired as a hangman and will work a farm in Kansas.

A nurse in Los Angeles, Cal., is holding the baby she was hired to care for as surety for the payment of her wages. The mother of the child fell behind in her payments to the nurse, and finally the nurse refused to surrender the child until she was paid in full. The case is to come in court on habeas corpus proceedings.

The little town of Nasso, in Sweden, has a fontaine department, 160 strong, in its fire brigade. The water works of the village consist simply of four great tubs, and it is the duty of the women "firemen" to keep these full in case of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake, about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back.

Queen Margherita of Italy was riding on her bicycle lately in the part of the Park of Monza from which the public is excluded, when she was stopped by a carbineer, scolded for trespassing, and then asked her to give her name. The same day she sent the man her photograph and one of the 10-franc pieces bearing her effigy by the side of King Humbert's, that he might recognize her in future.

## Latest Fashion Phases.

Some of the newest revers are white satin, sometimes covered with tea-colored guipure of a heavy make, oblong in shape, about four inches deep and extending from the bust over the point of the shoulder. Some of the prettiest Parisian tea jackets have silk sleeves overdraped with chiffon, which is allowed to fall in full graceful folds, ending midway between the elbow and the waist, being sewn into a gauntlet piece of pretty china silk, matching the upper part of the bodice, below which the chiffon is introduced again, forming a very full bodice back and front.

A tea jacket is made of rich brocbe silk in pretty shades of yellow, with long plaited basques at the sides and back, while a shorter basque is ornamented with a fancy galon. The front opens to reveal a full gilet of the brocbe. New revers turn back over the front edges to the bust, from whence the edges are outlined with short straps of the galon and bordered with the same. The draped collar band has a pretty bow at the front of yellow chiffon, edged with white lace. The flaring collar at the back is made of silk. The full sleeves are made with the double gauntlet, which is quite new and becoming.

Another dainty jacket is in pale blue prismatic silk, with short fluted basque. A plain yoke of the silk is encircled at the neck with a handsome galon, embroidered with jewels and sequins. Below the yoke is a full vest of figured chiffon, with a heading of the same, and crossed by a band of the galon. The half belt is made of the embroidered galon. Small revers of white satin ornament either side from the neck to the bust, while a deep flounce of heavy guipure lace is arranged at the back of the neck, crosses the shoulders and passes under the revers. The new sleeve extends a little below the elbow, where it is trimmed with a white satin cuff.

¶ The existence of a worlding is not at all a sinecure in Paris. Each day is charged with numerous duties and pleasures, and the evening far from bringing rest, is still full of distractions of all kinds. In the morning one goes on horseback or drives; there are some days in which one goes to see the poor; one breakfasts hastily, dresses for an exposition, a matinee and visits; one dines often in the city or receives; one goes to the theatre or to the ball, and each day is thus full of drudgery or amusements, which demands a change in the toilette three or four times daily.

There are also marriages in which it is necessary to assist, and where they discuss beauty and fashion. The wedding gown worn by a Parisian was of sky-blue mirror velvet, embroidered with gold and trimmed with sable. In the evening the bride was attired in buttercup satin figured with large roses, and enriched with sable and old laces. To enhance this toilette, already so beautiful, is added ophelia velvet, very discreetly employed, and bunches of chrysanthemums of a very delicate tint.

The success of the best couturieres is due to their obedience to two inspirations; for gowns of grand toilette they make masterpieces of style of a magisterial allurement, which enchant the elegant femme; special materials, ornaments which one does not repeat, make of these gowns sensational creations.

An elegant toilette has a full, flaring skirt of pale green satin, whose tablier is slashed in the middle and on the sides to show pretty fan-shaped plaitings of embroidered white tulle, which are headed by a dainty design, carried out in fine jet. It is lined throughout with white silk and faced eight inches at the foot with haircloth.

The chic Louis XV. bodice of white velvet, brocaded with white flowers and yellow leaves, has a short full basque, lined with white satin. This sweil bodice turns back to form double revers of pale green velvet, bordered with a scrolling pattern of fine black beads. Two handsome jet buttons adorn the front edge of the jacket between the revers and waist. The fitted waistcoat of white satin is embroidered with jet below the waist line and is cut in such a manner that it extends over either side of the jacket fronts. The upper part of the vest, on the shoulders, is trimmed with a flat band of cream lace. The white satin collar band is encircled with a necktie of embroidered tulle, which is tied in front, the two large loops being held in place with a rich jet buckle, while the long ends form a jabot extending to the waist. The puff sleeve of velvet is finished above the elbow with a flounce of lace.

The floral aspote is ornamented at the right side of the front with aigrette of lace hold with a jet jewel.

### Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE USEFUL LINE.

French ladies are always partial to canvas embroidery, akin to our old favorite Berlin wool work, but how different! Instead of the glaring colors associated with work of this type, we find the most delicately subdued tints blended into a harmonious tout ensemble that is pleasing to the most fastidious taste. Some of the specimens might readily be mistaken for actual tapestry, especially when they have been mounted upon screens, footstools, chairs, and benches. The designs are frequently heraldic in character, and display gasping beasts of strange form, and sometimes waving scrolls of gold serve as frames for the main portions of the decorations. Other specimens display dainty Watteau-like scenes; others are floral, while some of the prettiest designs recall old French brocades and display waving ribbons, delicate bouquets, and sometimes baskets of flowers and musical instruments.

For those who prefer something more formal there are innumerable handsome pieces of point de flamme. Here the greatest pains are taken to shade it elaborately, and the high lights are put in with floselle in the cheaper specimens, the rest being worked with wool. In the more expensive embroidery of this kind the whole is carried out with silk. One of the principal uses to which the point de flamme work is applied is that of making book covers; for this it is specially well adapted, being flat and by no means bulky. It is made up with gold galon, none of which has the air of being less than a hundred years old.

A particular dainty photograph holder takes the form of a huge crescent covered with brocade with a green colored background upon which were scattered loose bouquets of tiny flowers. The pockets for the photographs are flat and laid across the width of the crescent. At the lower point is arranged a full pouch of the brocade to hold little knick-knacks of various kinds. All this is picked out with the galon, and the outer edge of the holder is also bound with it. The daintiest of these knick-knacks, however, can scarcely come under the category of embroidery, though some energetic needlewomen give themselves the trouble of outlining the pattern with colored silks and fine gold thread. The brocade by itself, is, however, rarely improved by this, for, though the color is enriched, the design is often blurred by the stitchery.

Now for the smarter reticules, which are frequently lavishly embroidered with iridescent paillettes on a background of black or colored satin. The sequins are arranged in as simple a fashion as can be imagined, but it is surprising how good is the effect gained. Shimmering blue paillettes are the prime favorites, and they are sewn down in radiating lines, starting from the base of the bag and spreading outwards much like the ribs of a fan or the feathers in a peacock's tail. In one instance the paillettes were of several colors, bronze, copper, and red being mingled with the popular blue ones. About four discs of one color were sewn down, then four of a second, and so on, the tints being used in the same sequence throughout. The bags thus embroided are generally made up with black satin strings, which are passed through metal rings covered with buttonhole stitches made with coarse black silk. Beautiful are similar reticules made of cream, or pale pink, or blue satin, and ornamented with gold or silver paillettes. One lovely cream satin bag of the usual sack shape, but with the angles at the bottom rounded off, had a charming copy of an old engraving let into the front. This was surrounded by a delicate frame and a tracery of flowing scrolls executed solely in minute silver spangles, much like those which are used now upon fashionable fans. Yet another bag had in the centre a wee basket executed, as far as the wickerwork was concerned, in fine colored chenille and gold cord. Over the edges of the basket fell a shower of leaves and pale tinted flowers, executed in the minute ribbon embroidery for which French workers have long been famous.

There is a fancy for work that produces a pile effect upon the surface of the material. At home we generally produce this either with the help of no foundation at all or one of the cardboard moulds that were until lately used for coarse crochet. They are selling similar moulds cut out of tin metal, which have the advantage of never losing their shape, and of affording a firm hold for the stitches, which when thus made are not so likely to pucker the material as when a softer foundation is employed. The large initials that are thus contrived form admirable decorations for sofa rugs, mail cart warps, and cot quilts. They are generally worked with wool, several shades of color having a particular good effect.

The smartest of smart piano covers abound and afford wide scope for the ingenuity of the embroideress. Some of the handsomest are of plush, ornamented with large flowers, leaves, and scrolls, cut out of brightly colored satin, and caught down with tiny silk and tinsel cord. Sometimes this applique is accentuated with a few stitches, at other times with a few touches put in with the brush. Ribbon work is well adapted for piano covers, and is particularly well executed here. The ribbons are to be had in a far greater variety than commonly, and the background chosen is always rich and good in quality.

The useful little bags carried by almost every French lady just now were never more varied, nor is there any other addition to a costume more readily decorated either by the skill of the embroideress or of the artist.

A pretty bag of some kind or another is carried by almost every French lady nowadays, whether she is on shopping thoughts intent, whether she is intending merely to wander for an afternoon on the boulevards or in the Champs Elysees, or whether she is on her way to mass or to the theatre. Some of these receptacles are large enough only to contain a purse and handkerchief; others are sufficiently capacious for reception of several small parcels besides; but others, again, serve to hold nothing more serious than the fan, and possibly a playbill. The smaller bags are not infrequently made of a scrap of the same material as that of which the dress is made; but in any case the general coloring of the reticule corresponds exactly with that of the costume with which it is used. Sometimes some extra decoration is added to those made of the dress material, such as a frill of butter-colored lace. This is run along the base of the casing which holds the draw-string, and is scarcely gathered at all, as it becomes sufficiently fussy by the time the strings are pulled up. Ladies who are in mourning usually have reticules made of dull corded silk, brocade and satin being chosen when the mourning is only slight. For use with crape-trimmed costumes there are the prettiest of little bags to be had made of dull black silk, trimmed with embroidered crape arranged exactly in the same way as the lace above described.

Some of the most useful of bags are made of brocade, often with a black background, upon which are scattered tiny sprays of pink or blue flowers and their accompanying pale green leaves. A favorite shape made in this style has a round base of cardboard, round which is gathered the band of brocade which forms the bag itself. Others are nearly round in shape, while some are cut out in a series of vandykes round the top, which, when the bag is drawn up, fall softly all round the opening. These points are not infrequently finished with a frill of narrow butter colored lace.

A bluish shade of gray satin was made into a particularly smart bag, for it was embroidered with sprays of tiny flowers, worked with pale blue, pink, and green silk and touched up, as it were, with the finest silver thread. For more severe wear, there are bags composed of the printed velvet that is so fashionable just now for blouses. These are generally closed with small gilt rings, through which the draw-strings, matching one of the predominant colors of the velvet, are passed.

Fan bags follow the lead of the larger reticules in decoration, and literally blaze with spangles, gold thread, and painting. They are, of course, long and narrow in shape, the lower end being rounded. The front and back are left separate at the top to allow of the free ingress and egress of the fan, and cord generally takes the place of the ribbon draw-strings. Tiny engravings not unfrequently appear upon bags of this shape also, but there is little space for their display; and, on the whole, the spangle decoration is the most successful. Flowing loops and ends of ribbon are generally added at the top and bottom of bags of all shapes, and greatly increase their "dressy" appearance.

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The whole moral standard is lowered when it is admitted that anything whatever can possibly be a substitute for simple goodness.


# The Weak
# The Diseased
# MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY
THROUGH
# DR. RADWAY'S
# Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

## SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease seated or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your medical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures affected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S. BARKER,
Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

## FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

## SKIN DISEASES, HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Acne and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

## THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

## SOME RUSTIC BELIEFS.

SUPERSTITION, says the New York Sun, is inherent in man, and superstitious practices are to be found the world over. But it is in the rural localities that they do most abound.

Many a farmer, strong though he may be in his religious beliefs, lays his almanac on top of his family Bible and consults it when he wishes to know the best time to set his hens, plant his vegetables, or dig out a spring. And this because there is carefully set forth therein full information concerning the signs of the zodiac and the fulness of the moon.

It would be unjust to accuse farmers as a class of such practices, but it is true that superstitious persons are to be found in nearly every rural locality.

In the Pennsylvania country lying to the east of the Alleghenies, where innumerable mountain ranges have cut the region up into as many small valleys, and one has not to travel far to get beyond the roar of the railroad and the buzz of the trolley, many of these interesting characters are to be met.

The "pow-wow doctor" prosecutes his crude practice of medicine; the gypsy fortune teller discloses the future of those who cross her hands with silver; charmed words are used to suppress the exuberance of the bumble-bee, hornet, wasp and snake; the moon materially aids the sprouting onion, pea or cabbage, and even the patient hen, setting day after day on her nest of eggs, does not escape its beneficent influence.

The pow-wow doctors use peculiar methods in treating disease, but are not entitled to rank with the quacks, because quackery is practiced for gain, while the pow-wow doctor's treatment is useless if he accepts pay for his efforts.

Men and women pow-wow, but the number of practitioners has increased little since the art had its birth away in the past, and its secrets have been transmitted from parent to eldest child from generation to generation.

Receiving no remuneration for treating patients, it is seen that the recipients of these secrets in the art of healing must of necessity be possessed of unbounded good-nature and faith in their own powers, for they often tramp miles over rough roads in the most inclement weather to give to the sick the benefit of their knowledge.

They use no medicines in treating disease, but resort much to fire and water. They utter strange, unmeaning words over their patients. These words differ for the diseases treated.

An illustration of this pow-wowing is afforded by the case of a pow-wow doctor who lives in the Juniata Valley and who has a large following among the ignorant and uneducated about his home.

Erysipelas is a common malady in his neighborhood, and he has gained a reputation for his treatment of it. He takes a small shovel full of red-hot coals and moves it slowly to and fro above the prostrate body of the patient, repeating as he does so a strange jargon of words.

The words and heat combined are supposed to contain great healing power. In many cases a regular physician will be called upon to attend bad cases of illness where pow-wowing has failed. If the patient recovers the pow-wower invariably gets the great credit; if the patient dies, the physician must take the blame.

Animals are often the victims of strange treatment intended to cure their ills. A man who recently took up his residence on a farm in an interior county of the State relates this story:

"I had a horse suffering from a falling away of the muscles of the shoulders. As there was no veterinary in the neighborhood, I consulted a neighbor of mine, a prosperous farmer who owned several large farms, was a preacher in the Dunkard Church and known and respected for many miles around. He said that he had had a horse suffering from the same trouble, but had treated him successfully.

"At exactly 12 o'clock on a Friday night, when the moon was full, he went alone to his barn and cut from the affected shoulder of his sick horse a piece of skin one inch square.

"Then he proceeded to his orchard, bored a hole three inches deep in his best apple tree and placed the skin in it. He then walked around the tree three times from right to left, closed the hole up with clay and went to bed.

"The horse got well. This prescription was given to him by his grandfather, who was learned in the use of charms and magic. I had no reason to doubt the truth of my neighbor's story, particularly as I subsequently learned that one of the best things to do with a horse affected as his was is to set up a counter irritation in the affected part."

As the spoken word is deemed valuable to drive away disease, so is it believed by many to be a potent weapon against the bumble bee, which are apt to make things lively in the harvest field to the unsuspecting farmer who happens in an ill moment to drive his wagon through one of their nests.

A good example of a charm for these pestiferous insects (not recommended for general use) is that used by a man of whom it is interesting to note that he narrowly missed becoming a preacher in a Mennonite meeting, since in drawing lots for the place he got the Book of Kings, while the preachership fell to the holder of the slip marked Numbers.

This individual upon locating a bee's nest approaches it slowly, but fearlessly, repeating aloud the lines: "Hokey pokey squint; was ist decki goeplint."

As long as he is reciting these words, he contends, no bee will sting him; he can place his hands in the nest and draw out the honeycomb. If, however, by any chance he should mispronounce a word, he gets stung. When he was asked the reason for the virtue of the charm he expressed himself in these terms:

"It was taught me be me old grandpap, who could pick up a rattlesnake an' carry it in his bosom, an' never be bit. You see, when the bees hear the Dutch words they stops an' studies over what they means. An' while they study, I'm a-gettin' the comb."

"But suppose that you would try to charm a nest of Dutch bees, what would happen?" was asked.

The sage pondered a while, and then replied: "I allow the hoky-poky part would catch 'em."

This man is but one of hundreds of his kind to be found in the same region. Ignorant, but thoroughly convinced that they have seen the world and know all in it that is worth knowing, they have heard stories of charms and supernatural phenomena since their childhood and firmly believe in them.

To the credit of the particular man mentioned it can be stated that he was persuaded to put his grandfather's charm into practice once and did actually place his hand on a bees' nest and got but a solitary sting. This he blamed on the fact that he had made an error in pronunciation.

As to the influence of the moon on the setting hen or the sprouting vegetable, there is a difference of opinion. Some farmers' wives will tell you that the first Friday following a full moon is the best day of all to set a hen, while others are of the opinion that when the moon is on the wane is the worst possible season for hatching chickens, and that this or that day preceding the moon's greatest fulness gives the best results from the chicken breeder's standpoint.

And so it is with planting seeds and digging springs or even building a fence. The moon is an active agent in all these rural occupations.

A prominent minister in this city gives the following incident of these superstitions:

"A classmate of mine, and a most estimable man, not many years ago accepted a charge in a little country church out in the central part of Pennsylvania. He was surprised to find how much superstition there was among certain of his congregation.

"It was deep rooted, too, and he determined to fight it. He learned that many of his people planted their vegetables at certain times when the moon was in its quarter, or else half or full, and decided that he would begin attacking this practice.

"He got in a dispute with the one man who declared that unless a man put up his fence posts in the ground on a Wednesday preceding a full moon, they would tilt this way and that and throw the fences all out of line.

"He promised to give the man a practical demonstration of the error of his belief, and built a new fence across the rear of his yard during the season when the moon had not even attained the half. His superstitious friend put up a fence according to his superstitious practice.

"At the end of a year the minister's fence was all zig-zag, the posts tilting in every direction, while the other man's was as straight and strong as on the first Friday before a full moon, when it had been constructed.

"My friend was not at all converted to the superstitious view of fence making, but his little experiment had the effect of making more solid than ever the faith of many of his congregation in the power of the moon on fence-posts."

## HORSE DENTISTRY.

It will probably come as a surprise to most people that horses' teeth are now treated with as much care and skill as those of human beings, and that the number of instruments used by the horse-dentist is quite as great as those employed by his fellow-practitioner on human jaws.

Indeed, the illustrated catalogue of a certain manufacturer of surgical instruments shows more than 200 varieties of forceps, cutters, saws, chisels, etc., designed for horse-dentistry.

Nor do they differ much, except in size, from those instruments of torture with which so many of us are unfortunately too familiar. How they are used can best be explained by the following account of what took place at a well-known veterinary surgeon's:—

The first "patient" was an old horse that needed a tooth pulled from the upper jaw. A monster forceps was produced, to the end of which a cross-bar handle was deftly screwed. The horse's head was elevated by means of a bridle passed over a running block. There was a long, hard pull by the doctor, and a badly-decayed molar as large as a walnut lay on the floor.

The second case was one that involved a regular surgical operation.

A molar in the upper jaw of a fairly good draught-horse was badly decayed. In an effort to extract the tooth himself, the horse's owner had broken it off.

The animal's head was tied up, and by means of an ingenious appliance, called a molar mirror, the broken tooth was examined. There was no surface upon which any of the instruments at hand could secure a hold. It was decided, therefore, to trephine the horse's skull.

A small auger-like instrument was brought out, the horse's head was rendered steady, and, standing on a chair, the doctor cleverly bored a small round hole through the horse's jawbone until the root of the offending tooth was laid bare.

Then a polished steel bar and a mallet were handed to the dentist. The bar was inserted in the hole. An attendant pulled the lower jaw of the horse aside. A few brisk taps with the mallet upon the little bar, and the tooth fell to the floor, greatly to the horse's relief. The hole in the jaw was then plugged with antiseptic material, and the owner was told to bring his animal back in a day or two for further treatment.

"Do you ever have to stop horses' decayed teeth?" asked the writer, half in jest.

"Certainly," was the reply, "especially when they are in the lower jaw, which fractures so easily that extraction is rather an awkward matter."

"And how is it done?"

"In quite a similar way to that followed in the case of human beings. Metal filling is used, preferably aluminum; and it is packed in by means of a hand-chisel and mallet."

"Doesn't the horse object to the operation?"

"Not in the slightest."

"I suppose you will next tell me that some of your 'patients' come in for false teeth?"

"Well, no," answered the doctor, laughing. "We haven't got quite as far as that at present, but it's only a question of time."

THE CHINESE "VEGETARIANS."—The recent outrages on foreigners in China have drawn all people's attention to the "Vegetarians," by whom the murders and plunder are said to have been instigated. But it is a mistake to consider them as members of one vast homogeneous society.

Owing to the great secrecy with which their operations are conducted, very little is known about them, but it is certain that they comprise a great number of different beliefs and doctrines. Some of them are idolaters, others fire, sun and moon worshippers, while others form associations which partake more of the nature of philosophical societies.

Furthermore, there are any number of grades of Vegetarianism. Some of the devotees to this doctrine absolutely and permanently abstain from all kinds of animal food. These really are the true Vegetarians, but quite as well to be included with them, in case of a political outbreak, are the men who only abstain from meat a portion of the time.

One sect, for example, refuses to touch any sort of animal food for the first twenty-four days of each month, its members being perfectly at liberty to eat meat during the remaining week. Another sect leaves meat rigidly alone on certain days of the week, and on other days eats it.

In fact, all sorts of grades and shades make up this great party; but it is the more to be feared on that account, since all possible kinds of feelings and opinions are provided for. Money, likewise, is most plentiful among these societies, though whence it comes no one knows.

They are not confined to China, a kindred organization, the Triad Society—which is especially strong in the southern and maritime provinces—being also powerful in Siam, Singapore, Malacca, and the Malay Archipelago.

The name Triad, signifies earth, heaven and man, and it is ruled over by a council of three men, called the "Three Elder Brothers." The Triad is comparatively peaceful as regards overt acts, but it is known to be intensely opposed to the Manchu dynasty.

The ceremonies attendant upon the installation of a new member are both peculiar and interesting. The novice swears before an idol, taking his oath under an arch of steel and a bridge of swords. He then stands under naked swords, and finally binds his oath conclusively by cutting off a cock's head.

But however these societies may differ on points of doctrine and life, there is, undoubtedly, one opinion common to nearly all—they have an unconquerable dislike to all foreigners. The "anti-foreign" and the Vegetarian element are, in fact, one and the same. It is therefore a constant source of danger to the stranger in the Flowery Land.

TO MECCA.—One of the very few Christians who have accomplished the pilgrimage to Mecca is M. Gervais Charlielemont, a Frenchman. He posed during his perilous journey as an Algerian who had lately been converted to Mohammedanism, and dressed in the Arab costume.

Notwithstanding his perfect command of Arabic, he told his fellows that he frequently found it difficult to procure the bread and salt which act as a passport in all Eastern countries.

During the journey from Yeddah to Mecca, performed on donkey-back in a single day, M. Charlielemont kept the Mohammedan law in all its rigor, riding with his head shaved and uncovered.

His greatest stumbling-block was the Arab custom of refraining from drinking until a meal is ended, and on more than one occasion his excessive thirst nearly led him to betray himself.

On entering Mecca, it was with the greatest difficulty that he avoided treading on the sacred pigeons which swarm about the streets.

But he performed the necessary rites successfully, and walking round the Sacred Kaaba (cube) seven times, kissing the Black Stone, and drinking at the spring Zemzem, at which, according to the Mussulman, Hagar is supposed to have quenched her thirst, and has returned to Europe alive.

INFLUENCE.—Perhaps we cannot estimate correctly the extent of our influence over every one with whom we come in contact, because in the majority of cases we are not trying to wield any influence. We meet casually with a half dozen acquaintances in the course of a day—we talk on indifferent subjects and part, and straightway we forget all that passed between us, or we think we do. But the impressions given and received are as ineffaceable as they may be slight, and we can never hold converse for a full half hour with any fellow-creature without leaving some mark and carrying some away.

A MAN habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without ever bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is, as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One half of his faculties, and that the most powerful half, is paralysed and useless. He is like land which produces nothing but thistles and brambles.

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# Humorous.

"The pen is mightier than the sword"
An aphorism few have missed;
And now we cry, with one accord:
"The tongue is mightier than the fist!"

A mark of distinction—$.

A card party—The poker sharp.

A beer mug—The toper's face.

Speaking terms—Telephone charges.

Doesn't know a bit—The unbroken colt.

The spring-time of life—Our dancing days.

A mail carrier—The father of a boy baby.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

Effectual destruction of woods—Marrying a widow.

Why are hogs like trees?—Because they root for a living.

Bent on mischief—The upturned pin on the schoolmaster's chair.

What bar is that which often opens and never shuts?—A crowbar.

Advice for the guidance of hens during the cold weather—Lay still.

To be well posted the theatrical star must look to the bill-board man.

Why was Bonaparte's horse like his master?—Because he had a martial neigh.

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty; even a tall hat looks worn when it loses its nap.

Why would one imagine that guns are human?—Because they kick when the load is too heavy.

A little girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

Why is it almost certain that Shakspeare was a broker?—Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.

Binkers: I don't see how you can laugh at Sapleigh's insane jokes.

Winkers: You would if you knew his pretty sister!

A Topeka man is at work on a scheme of crossing the milk weed with the strawberry for the purpose of raising strawberries and cream.

"I doesn't wanter 'scourage nobody," said Uncle Eben, "but er lot er folks fohgits dat true repentance consists in not doin' it ever again."

Addressing his eldest boy, who has lately acquired a pneumatic bicycle, a suburban father observed, "You should always boil your leicle before you start."

Husband, breathlessly: I am to start on a trip in two hours, and you can go with me if you can get ready.

Wife: Certainly I can. It won't take me more than ten minutes to pack; and that will leave me one hour and fifty minutes to dress.

Small boy: Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the lump you gave me.

Mother: There you are! Where did you drop it?

Small boy: In the coffee.

Johnny Green, at school, was asked once by his teacher, "If I gave you three cakes, and your mother gave you four, and your aunt gave you five, how many cakes would you have?"

"Huh," said Johnny—"I guess I should have enough!"

"Well, here is the money you've been tormenting me for," said a rich uncle to his spendthrift nephew. "Use it wisely and remember that a fool and his money are soon parted."

"I don't know about that," replied the young scapegrace. "I've been coaxing you more than a week for this."

"Got any little job of work, ma'am," inquired the dusty pilgrim at the back door, "that I can do to earn a bite of grub?"

"You've often asked for cold victuals," replied the woman in surprise, "but this is the first time you ever asked for work."

"Yes'm," rejoined the tourist cheerfully—"I'm on my vacation."

"Yes—I gave him up!" sighed the young woman.

"Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired her sympathetic friend.

"He—he became a spelling reformer," rejoined the other with a shudder, "and signed his name 'Josj.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the name, so we parted."

"A year or so ago," said a young man, "I spent a few weeks in New Orleans. One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription:

"'Drop a nickle in the slot, and learn how to make your pants last.'

"I dropped a nickle in, and a card appeared. What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make your pants last?"

"Don't wear 'em, I suppose."

"No."

"What did it say?"

"'Make your coat and vest first.'"

STAGE SUNSET.—One of the most familiar and beautiful effects produced upon the stage is the change from day to night or from night to day. The former, owing to the conditions surrounding stage illusions, is the more striking, and is that most frequently seen.

In order to produce this effect the rearmost piece of scenery is a "drop," which is made about double the height of the ordinary scenes. The drop is painted to represent sky. The lower half is colored with the bright tints of the sunset, and these gradually blend in the middle of the drop into the subdued shades of a moonlit night.

Sometimes the setting sun itself is shown, and this is effected by cutting a circular hole in the drop, pasting a piece of red muslin over the back of it, and putting a light behind it. The drop is now hung so that the lower half alone is visible.

Now the scenery of the distance is painted upon a separate piece, which is "profiled"—that is, the irregular line made by trees, houses, mountains, etc., is cut out with a circular saw. This profile piece is set about four feet in front of the sky drop.

Some six or eight feet further toward the front is hung what is called a cut-gauze drop, though this is sometimes omitted, especially if the view at the rear embraces an expanse of water. If it is woods, however, the cut-gauze drop is always used. This drop has sides and a top of canvas, painted as the case requires. The open central part is filled with stout gauze netting, which gives a charming aerial effect to the distance.

Now all is ready for the sunset except the lights, which are arranged thus: Behind the profile a row runs across the stage to throw its light on the lower part of the sky drop.

The top part is illuminated by the border lights. A similar arrangement is made in front of the profile, while the foreground depends for its light on the borders and footlights.

In all new theatres there are electric lights in three circuits. One circuit consists of lights with white globes, another red, and the third green. For broad daylight effects the white are used. In the scene we are describing, beginning with sunset, the red circuit is turned on.

Calcium-lights with red glasses are stationed at the sides of the stage, and thus the whole scene is suffused with a glow of red light. The change from sunset to moonlight is effected by slowly and imperceptably lowering the sky drop.

As the sun disappears behind the distant hills the red "mediums," as they are called, are turned off and the green ones gradually turned on.

When the night sky has fairly got down to its place the green mediums are all turned on at full force, and green glasses are placed in front of the calciums. The stage appears now to be flooded with moonlight.

Of course the moon cannot be shown, for it would naturally be too far toward the audience. I was once in a theatre where the sun went down behind a mountain, and in half a minute the moon rose in the very same place!


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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 22, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 2.55, 8.05, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.37 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 5.12, 6.15 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.05, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 5.12, 8.15 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.25, 9.45 p m. Sundays—4.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.32, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.55, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.39 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 4.00 p m.

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.45 p m.

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "by the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"I wept when I was born and every day shows why," said

House-keeper — who didn't use SAPOLIO

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes

"Ah! Ah!" Cried the Housewife, "The Secret I know, no DIRT can resist SAPOLIO."

"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT, "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."